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LOCAL COLOR

By Jack London.

"I do not see why you should not turn this immense amount of unusual information to account," I told him. "Unlike most men equipped with similar knowledge, you have expression. Your style is—"

"Is sufficiently—er—journalistic," he interrupted suavely.

"Precisely! You could turn a pretty penny."

But he interlocked his fingers meditatively, shrugged his shoulders, and dismissed the subject.

"I have tried it. It does not pay."

"It was paid for and published," he added, after a pause. "And I was also honored with sixty days in the Hobo."

"The Hobo?" I ventured.

"The Hobo. . . . He fixed his eyes on my Spencer and ran along the titles while he cast his definition. 'The Hobo, my dear fellow, is the name for that particular place of detention in city and county jails, wherein are assembled tramps, drunks, beggars, and the riffraff of petty offenders. The word itself is a pretty one, and it has a history. Hautbois—there's the French of it. Haut, meaning high, and bois, wood. In English it becomes hautboy, a wooden musical instrument of two foot tone, I believe, played with a double reed; an oboe, in fact. You remember in 'Henry IV':

"The case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court."

"From this to ho-boy is but a step, and for that matter the English used the terms interchangeably. But—and mark you, the leap paralyzes one—crossing the Western Ocean, in York City hautboy, or ho-boy, becomes the name by which the night scavenger is known. In a way one understands its being born of the contempt for wandering players and musical fellows. But see the beauty of it! The burn and the brand! The night scavenger, the pariah, the miserable, the despised, the man without caste—and in its next incarnation, consistently and logically, it attaches itself to the American outcast, namely, the tramp. Then, as others have mutilated its sense, the tramp mutilates its form, and ho-boy becomes exultantly hobo. Wherefore, the large stone and brick cells, lined with double and triple-tiered bunks, in which the law is wont to incarcerate him, he calls the Hobo. Interesting, isn't it?"

And I sat back and marveled secretly at this encyclopaedic-minded man, this Leith Clay-Randolph, this common tramp who made himself at home in my den, charmed such friends as gathered at my small table, outshone me with his brilliance and his manners, spent my spending money, smoked my best cigars, and selected from my ties and studs with a cultivated and discriminating eye.

He absently walked over to the shelves and looked into Loria's "Economic Foundations of Society."

"I like to talk with you," he remarked. "You are not indifferently schooled. You've read the books and your economic interpretation of history, as you choose to call it" (this with a sneer) "eminently fits you for an intellectual outlook on life. But your sociologic judgments are vitiated by your lack of practical knowledge. Now I, who know the books, pardon me, somewhat better than you, know life, too. I have lived it, naked, taken it up in both my hands and looked at it, and tasted it, the flesh and the blood of it, and, being purely an intellectual, I have been biased by neither passion nor prejudice. All of which is necessary

moods was even capable of permitting especially nice-looking tramps to sit on the back stoop and devour lone crusts and forlorn and forsaken chops. But that a tatterdemalion out of the night should invade the sanctity of her kitchen kingdom and delay dinner while she set a place for him in the warmest corner, was a matter of such moment that the Sunflower went to see. Ah, the Sunflower, of the soft heart and swift sympathy! Leith Clay-Randolph threw his glamour over her for fifteen long minutes, while I brooded with my cigar, and then she fluttered back with vague words and the suggestion of a cast-off suit I would never miss.

"Surely I shall never miss it," I said, and I had in mind the dark gray suit with the pockets dragged from the freightage of many books, books

"Five," I corrected, "counting in the dark gray fishing outfit with the dragged pockets."

"And he has none, no home, nothing—"

"Not even a sunflower"—putting my arm around her—"wherefore he is deserving of all things. Give him the black suit, dear—nay, the best one, the very best one. Under high heaven for such lack there must be compensation!"

"You are a Jear!" And the Sunflower fluttered to the door and looked back alluringly. "You are a perfect dear."

And this after seven years, I marveled, till she was back again, timid and apologetic.

"I—I gave him one of your white shirts. He wore a horrid cheap cotton thing, and I knew it would look ridiculous. And then his shoes were so slipshod, I let him have a pair of yours, the old ones with the narrow caps—"

"Old ones!"

"Well, they pinched horribly, and you know they did."

It was ever thus the Sunflower vindicated things.

And so Leith Clay-Randolph came to Idlewild to stay, how long I did not dream. Nor how often, for like an erratic comet he came and went. Fresh he would arrive, and cleanly clad, from grand folk who were his friends as I was his friend, and again, weary and worn, he would creep up the briar-rose path from the Montanas or Mexico. And without a word, when his wander-lust gripped him, he was off and away into that great mysterious underworld he called "The Road."

"I could not bring myself to leave until I had thanked you, you of the open hand and heart," he said on the night he donned my good black suit.

And I confess I was startled when I glanced over the top of my paper and saw a lofty-browed and eminently respectable-looking gentleman, boldly and carelessly at ease. The Sunflower was right. He must have known better days for the black suit and white shirt to have effected such a transformation. Involuntarily, I arose to my feet, prompted instinctively to meet him on equal ground. And then it was the Clay-Randolph glamour descended upon me. He slept at Idlewild that night, and the next night, and for many nights. And he was a man to love. The Son of Anak, otherwise Rufus the Blue-Eyed, and also plebeianly known as Tots, rioted with him from briar-rose path to farthest orchard, scalped him in the haymow with barbaric yells, and once, with Pharisaeic zeal, was near to crucifying him under the attic roof beams. The Sunflower would have loved him for the Son of Anak's sake, had she not loved him for his own. As for myself, let the Sunflower tell, in the times he elected to be gone, of how often I wondered when Leith would come back again, Leith the Lovable.

Yet he was a man of whom we knew nothing. Beyond the fact that he was Kentucky-born, his past was



A Land Seeker in the Canadian West.

for clear concepts, and all of which you lack. Ah! a really clever passage. Listen!"

And he read aloud to me in his remarkable manner, paralleling the text with a running criticism and commentary, lucidly wording involved and lumbering periods, casting side and cross lights upon the subject, introducing points the author had blundered past, and objections he had ignored, catching up lost ends, flinging a contrast into a paradox and reducing it to a coherent and succinctly stated truth—in short, flashing his luminous genius in a blaze of fire over pages erstwhile dull and heavy and lifeless.

It is long since that Leith Clay-Randolph (note the hyphenated surname) knocked at the back door of Idlewild and melted the heart of Gunda. Now Gunda was cold as her Norway hills, and in her least frigid

which had spoiled more than one day's fishing sport.

"I should advise you, however," I added, "to mend the pockets first."

But the Sunflower's face clouded.

"N-o," she said, "the black one."

"The black one!" This explosively, incredulously. "I wear it quite often. I—I intended wearing it to-night."

"You have two better ones, and you know I never liked it, dear," the Sunflower hurried on. "Besides, it's shiny—"

"Shiny!"

"It—it soon will be, which is just the same, and the man is really estimable. He is nice and refined, and I am sure he—"

"Has seen better days."

"Yes, and the weather is raw and beastly, and his clothes are threadbare. And you have many suits—"

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a blank. He never spoke of it. And he was a man who prided himself upon his utter divorce of reason from emotion. To him the word spelled itself out in problems. I charged him once with being guilty of emotion when roaring around the den with the Son of Anak pie-a-back. Not so, he held. Could not he cuddle a sense-delight for the problem's sake?

He was elusive. A man who intermingled nameless argot with polysyllabic and technical terms, as would seem sometimes the veriest criminal, in speech, face, expression, everything; at other times the cultured and polished gentleman, and again the philosopher and scientist. But there was something glimmering there which I never caught—flashes of sincerity, of real feeling, I imagined, which were sped ere I could grasp; echoes of the man he once was, possibly, or hints of the man behind the mask. But the mask he never lifted, and the real man we never knew.

"But the sixty days with which you were rewarded for your journalism?" I asked. "Never mind Loria. Tell me."

"Well, if I must." He flung one knee over the other and laughed shortly.

"In a town which shall be nameless," he began; "in fact, a city of fifty thousand, a fair and beautiful city wherein men slave for dollars and women for dress, an idea came to me. My front was prepossessing, as fronts go, and my pockets empty. I had in recollection a thought I once entertained of writing a reconciliation of Kant and Spencer. Not that they are reconcilable, of course, but the room offered for scientific satire—"

I waved my hand impatiently, and he broke off.

"I was just tracing my mental states for you in order to show the genesis of the action," he explained.

"However, the idea came. What was the matter with a tramp sketch for the daily press? The irreconcilability of the Constable and the Tramp, for instance? So I hit the drag (the drag, my dear fellow, is merely the street), or the high places, if you will, for a newspaper office. The elevator whisked me into the sky, and Cerebus, in the guise of an anaemic office boy, guarded the door. Consumption, one could see it at a glance; nerve, Irish, colossal; tenacity, undoubted; dead inside the year.

"Pale youth," quoth I, "I pray thee the way to the sanctum sanctorum, to the Most High Cock-a-lorum."

"He deigned to look at me, scornfully, with infinite weariness.

"G'wan an' see the janitor. I don't know nothin' about the gas."

"Nay, my lily-white, the editor?"

"Which editor?" he snapped, like a young bull-terrier. "Dramatic? Sportin'? Society? Sunday? Weekly? Daily? Telegraph? Local? News? Editorial? Which?"

"Which, I did not know.

"The Editor," I proclaimed stoutly. "The only Editor."

"Aw, Spargo!" he sniffed.

"Of course, Spargo," I answered. "Who else?"

"Gimme yer card," says he.

"My what?"

"Yer card— Say! Wot's yer business, anyway?"

"And the anaemic Cerebus sized me up with so insolent an eye that I reached over and took him out of his chair. I knocked on his meagre chest with my fore-knuckle and fetched forth a weak, gaspy cough, but he looked at me unflinchingly, much like a defiant sparrow held in the hand.

"I am the census-taker Time," I boomed, in sepulchral tones. "Beware lest I knock too loud."

"Oh, I don't know," he sneered.

"Whereupon I rapped him smartly, and he choked and turned purple.

"Well, whatcher want?" he wheezed with returning breath.

"I want Spargo, the only Spargo."

"Then leave go, an' I'll glide an' see."

"No you don't, my lily-white." And I took a tighter grip on his collar. "No bouncers in mine, understand! I'll go along."

Leith dreamily surveyed the long ash of his cigar and turned to me.

"Do you know, Anak, you can't appreciate the joy of being the buffoon, playing the clown. You couldn't do it if you wished. Your pitiful little conventions and smug assumptions of decency would prevent. But to simply turn loose your soul to every whimsicality, to play the fool unafraid of any possible result, why that requires a man other than a householder and law-respecting citizen."

"However, as I was saying, I saw the only Spargo. He was a big, beefy, red-faced personage, full-jowled, and double chinmed, sweating at his desk in his shirt sleeves. It was August, you know. He was talking into a telephone when I entered, or swearing rather, I should say, and the while studying me with his eyes. When he hung up he turned to me expectantly.

"You are a very busy man," I said.

"He jerked a nod with his head and waited.

"And after all, is it worth it?" I went on. "What does life mean that it should make you sweat? What justification do you find in sweat? Now look at me. I toil not, neither do I spin—"

"Who are you? What are you?" he bellowed with a suddenness that was—well, rude, tearing the words out as a dog does a bone.

"A very pertinent question, sir," I acknowledged. "First, I am a man; next, a downtrodden American citizen. I am cursed with neither profession, trade, nor expectations. Like Esau, I am potlodgeless. My residence is everywhere; the sky is my coverlet. I am of the dispossessed, a sansculotte, a proletarian, or, in simpler phraseology addressed to your understanding, a tramp."

"What the hell—?"

"Nay, fair sir, a tramp, a man of devious ways and strange lodgments and multifarious—"

"Quit it!" he shouted. "What do you want?"

"I want money."

"He started and half reached for an open drawer, intending a gun-play, undoubtedly, then bethought himself and growled:

"This is no bank."

"Nor have I checks to cash. But I have, sir, an idea, which, by your leave and kind assistance, I shall transmute into cash. In short, how does a tramp sketch, done by a tramp to the life, strike you? Are you open to it? Do your readers hunger for it? Do they crave after it? Can they be happy without it?"

"I thought for a moment that he would have an apoplexy, but he quelled the unruly blood and said he liked my nerve. I thanked him and assured him I liked it myself. Then he offered me a cigar and said he thought he'd do business with me.

"But mind you," he said, when he had jabbed a bunch of copy paper into my hand and given me a pencil from his vest pocket, "mind you, I won't stand for the high and flighty philosophical, and I perceive you have a tendency that way. Throw in the local color, wads or it, and a bit of sentiment perhaps, but no slumgullion about political economy or social strata or such stuff. Make it concrete, to the point, with snap and go and life, crisp and crackling and interesting—tumble!"

"And I tumbled and borrowed a dollar.

"Don't forget the local color!" he shouted after me through the door.

"And, Anak, it was the local color that did for me.

"The anaemic Cerberus grinned when I took the elevator. 'Got the bounce, eh?'"

"Nay, pale youth so lily-white," I chortled, waving the copy paper; "not the bounce, but a detail. I'll be city editor in three months, and then I'll make you jump."

"And as the elevator boy stopped

at the next floor down to take on a pair of maids, he strolled over to the shaft, and without frills or verbiage, consigned me and my detail to the deepest perdition. But I liked him. He had pluck and was unafraid, and he knew, as well as I, that Death clutched him close."

"But how could you, Leith," I cried, the picture of the consumptive lad strong before me, "how could you treat him so barbarously?"

Leith laughed dryly. "My dear fellow, how often must I explain to you your confusions? Orthodox sentiment and stereotyped emotion master you. And then your temperament! You are really incapable of rational judgments. Cerberus? Pshaw! A flash expiring, a mote of fading spark, a dim-pulsing and dying organism—puff! a snap of the fingers, a puff of breath, what would you? A pawn in the game of life. Not even a problem. There is no problem in a still-born babe, nor in a dead child. They never arrived. Nor did Cerberus. Now for a really pretty problem—"

"But the local color?" I prodded him.

"That's right," he replied. "Keep me in the running. Well, I took my handful of copy paper down to the railroad yards (for local color), dangled my legs from a side-door Pullman, which is another name for a box car; and ran off the stuff. Of course I made it clever and brilliant, and all that, with my little unanswerable slings at the State and my social paradoxes, and withal made it concrete enough to dissatisfy the average citizen. From the tramp standpoint, the constabulary of the township was particularly rotten, and I proceeded to open the eyes of the good people. It is a proposition, mathematically demonstrable, that it costs the community more to arrest, convict and confine its tramps in jail than to send them as guests, for like periods of time, to a first-class hotel. And this I developed, giving the facts and figures, the constable fees and the mileage, and the court and jail expenses. Oh, it was convincing, and it was true; and I did it in a lightly humorous fashion which fetched the laugh and left the sting. The main objection to the system, I contended, was the defrauding and robbery of the tramp. The good money which the community paid out for him should enable him to riot in luxury instead of rotting in dungeons. I even drew the figures so fine as to permit him not only to live in a good hotel, but to smoke two twenty-five cent cigars and indulge in a ten cent shine each day, and still not cost the taxpayers so much as they were accustomed to pay for his conviction and jail entertainment. And, as subsequent events proved, it made the taxpayers wince."

"One of the constables I drew to the life; nor did I forget a certain Sol Glenhart, as rotten a police judge to be found between the seas. And this I say out of a vast experience. While he was notorious in local trampdom, his civic sins were not only not unknown, but a crying reproach to the townspeople. Of course, I refrained from mentioning name or habitat, drawing the picture in an impersonal, composite sort of way, which none the less blinded no one to the faithfulness of the local color."

"Naturally, myself a tramp, the tenor of the article was a protest against the maltreatment of the tramp. Cutting the taxpayers to the pits of their purses threw them open to sentiment, and then in I tossed the sentiment, lumps and chunks of it. Trust me, it was excellently done, and the rhetoric—say! just listen to the tail of my peroration."

"So, as we go mooching along the drag, with a sharp lamp out for John Law, we cannot help remembering that we are beyond the pale; that our ways are not their ways; and that the ways of John Law with us are different from his ways with other men. Poor lost souls, waiting for a crust in the dark, we know full well our helplessness and ignominy. And well may we repeat after a stricken brother over-seas, 'Our pride it is to know no spur of pride.' Man has forgotten us; God has for-

gotten us; only are we remembered by the harpies of justice, who prey upon our distress and coin our sighs and tears into bright shining dollars."

"Incidentally, my picture of Sol Glenhart, the police judge, was good. A striking likeness, and unmistakable, with phrases tripping along like this: 'This crook-nosed, gross-bodied harpie,' 'this civic sinner, this judicial highwayman,' 'possessing the morals of the Tenderloin and an honor which thieves honor puts to shame,' 'who compounds criminality with shyster-sharks, and in atonement railroads the unfortunate and impecunious to rotting cells'—and so forth, and so forth, style zophomoric and devoid of the dignity and tone one would employ in a dissertation on 'Surplus Value' or 'The Fallacies of Marxism,' but just the stuff the dear public likes."

"Humph!" granted Spargo when I put the copy in his fist. "Swift gait you strike, my man."

"I fixed an hypnotic eye on his vest pocket and he passed out one of his superior cigars, which I burned while he ran through the stuff. Twice or thrice he looked over the top of the paper at me, searchingly, but said nothing till he had finished."

"Where'd you work, you pencil-pusher?" he asked.

"My maiden effort," I simpered, modestly, scraping one foot and faintly simulating embarrassment.

"Maiden hell! What salary do you want?"

"Nay, nay," I answered. "No salary in mine, thank you most to death. I am a free, downtrodden American citizen, and no man shall say my time is his."

"Save John Law," he chuckled.

"Save John Law," said I.

"How did you know I was bucking the police department?" he demanded, abruptly.

"I didn't know, but I knew you were in training," I answered. "Yesterday morning a charitably inclined female presented me with three biscuits, a piece of cheese, and a funeral slab of chocolate cake, all wrapped in the current Clarion, wherein I noted an unholy glee because the Cowbell's candidate for chief of police had been turned down. Likewise I learned the municipal election was at hand, and put two and two together. Another mayor, and the right kind, means new police commissioners; new police commissioners means new chief of police; new chief of police means Cowbell's candidate; ergo, your turn to play."

"He stood up, shook my hand, and emptied his plethoric vest pocket. I put them away and puffed on the old one."

"You'll do," he jubilated. "This stuff" (patting my copy) "is the first gun of the campaign. You'll touch off many another before we're done. I've been looking for you for years. Come on in, on the editorial."

"But I shook my head."

"Come, now!" he admonished, sharply. "No shenanagin! The Cowbell must have you. It hungers for you, craves after you, won't be happy till it gets you. What say?"

"In short, he wrestled with me, but I was bricks, and at the end of half an hour the only Spargo gave it up."

"Remember," he said, "any time you reconsider, I'm open. No matter where you are, wire me and I'll send the ducats to come at once."

"I thanked him, and asked the pay for my copy—dope, he called it."

"Oh, regular routine," he said. "Get it the first Thursday after publication."

"Then I'll have to trouble you for a few seeds until—"

"He looked at me and smiled. 'Better cough up, eh?'"

"Sure," I said. "Nobody to identify me, so make it cash."

"And cash it was made, thirty plunks (a plunk is a dollar, my dear Anak), and I pulled my freight—eli? Oh, departed."

"Pale youth," I said to Cerberus. "I am bounced." (He grinned with pallid joy.) "And in token of the sincere esteem I bear you, receive this little"—his eyes flashed and he threw up one hand, swiftly, to guard

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I have been looking through your cook book pretty well, and am delighted with it. I have a larger one, but yours seems better and more practical.

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I received by last mail the Blue Ribbon Cook Book. It certainly is an excellent good thing.

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"SUGGESTIONS"

THE
ROBERT

SIMPSON
TORONTO.

COMPANY,
LIMITED

"WHAT IT COSTS"

his head from the expected blow—
"this little memento."

"I had intended to slip a fiver into his hand, but for all his surprise, he was too quick for me."

"Aw, keep yer dirt," he snarled.

"I like you still better," I said, adding a second fiver. "You grow perfect. But you must take it."

"He backed away growling, but I caught him around the neck, roughed what little wind he had out of him, and left him doubled up with the two fives in his pocket. But hardly had the elevator started, when the two coins tinkled on the roof and fell down between the car and the shaft. As luck had it, the door was not closed, and I put out my hand and caught them. The elevator boy's eyes bulged.

"It's a way I have," I said airily, pocketing them.

"Some bloke's dropped 'em down the shaft," he whispered, visibly awed by the circumstance.

"It stands to reason," said I.

"I'll take charge of 'em," he volunteered.

"Nonsense!"

"You'd better turn 'em over," he threatened, "or I stop the works."

"Pshaw!"

"And stop he did, between floors."

"Young man," I said, "have you a mother?" (He looked serious, as though regretting his act, and to further impress him I rolled up my right sleeve with greatest care.) "Are you prepared to die?" (I got a stealthy crouch on, and put a cat-foot forward.) "But a minute, a brief minute, stands between you and eternity." (Here I crooked my right hand into a claw and slid the other foot up.) "Young man, young man," I trumpeted, "in thirty seconds I shall tear your heart dripping from your bosom and stoop to hear you shriek in hell."

"It fetched him. He gave one whoop, the car shot down, and I was on the drag. You see, Anak, it's a habit I can't shake off of leaving vivid memories behind."

"I had not got to the corner when

I heard a familiar voice at my shoulder:

"Hello, Cinders! Which way?"

"It was Chi Slim, who had been with me once when I was thrown off a freight in Jacksonville. 'Couldn't see 'm fer cinders,' he described it, and the monica stuck by me. . . . Monica? From monos. The tramp nickname."

"Bound south," I answered. "And how's Slim?"

"Bum. Bulls is hostile."

"Where's the push?"

"At the hang-out. I'll put you wise."

"Who's the main guy?"

"Me, and don't yer forget it."

The lingo was rippling from Leith's lips, but perforce I stopped him.

"Pray translate—I am a fireigner."

"Certainly," he answered, cheerfully. "Slim is in poor luck. Bull means policeman. He tells me the bulls are hostile. I ask where the push is, the gang he travels with. By putting me wise he will direct me to where the gang is hanging out. The main guy is the leader. Slim claims that distinction."

"Slim and I hiked out to a neck of woods just beyond town, and there was the push, a score of husky hobos, charmingly located on the bank of a little purling stream."

"Come on, you mugs!" Slim addressed them. "Throw yer feet! Here's Cinders, an' we must do 'm proud."

"All of which signifies that the hobos had better strike out and do some lively begging in order to get the wherewithal to celebrate my return to the fold after a year's separation. But I flashed my dough and Slim sent several of the younger men off to buy the booze. Take my word for it, Anak, it was a blow-out memorable in Trampdom to this day. It's amazing the quantity of booze thirty plunks will buy, and it is equally amazing the quantity of booze twenty stiffs will get outside of. Beer and cheap wine made up the card, with alcohol thrown in for

the blowed-in-the-glass stiffs. It was great—an orgy under the sky, a contest of beakermen, a study in primitive beastliness. To me there is something fascinating in a drunken man, and were I a college president I should institute P. G. psychology courses in practical drunkenness. It would beat the books and compete with the laboratory.

"All of which is neither here nor there, for after sixteen hours of it, early next morning, the whole push was copped by an overwhelming array of constables and carried off to jail. After breakfast, about ten o'clock, we were lined upstairs into court, limp and spiritless, the twenty of us. And there, under his purple panoply, nose crooked like a Napoleonic eagle, and eyes glittering and beady, sat Sol Glenhart."

"John Ambrose!" the clerk called out, and Chi Slim stood up.

"Vagrant, your honor," the bailiff volunteered, and his honor, not deigning to look at the prisoner, snapped: "Ten days," and Chi Slim sat down.

"And so it went, with the monotony of clockwork, fifteen seconds to the man, four men to the minute, the mugs bobbing up and down in turn like marionettes. The clerk called the name, the bailiff the offence, the judge the sentence, and the man sat down. That was all. Simple, eh?"

"Chi Slim nudged me. 'Give 'm a spiel, Cinders. You kin do it.'"

"I shook my head."

"G'wan," he urged. "Give 'm a ghost story. The mugs'll take it all right. And you kin throw yer feet right. And you kin throw yer feet right. And you kin throw yer feet right."

"L. C. Randolph!" the clerk called.

"I stood up, but a hitch came in the proceedings. The clerk whispered to the judge, the bailiff smiled."

"You are a newspaper man, I understand, Mr. Randolph?" his Honor remarked, sweetly.

"It took me by surprise, for I had forgotten the Cowbell in the excitement of succeeding events."

"That's yer graft," said Slim.

"It's all over but the shouting," I groaned, but Slim was puzzled.

"Your Honor," I answered, "that is my occupation."

"You take quite an interest in local affairs, I see." (Here his Honor took up the morning's Cowbell and ran his eye up and down a column I knew was mine.) "Color is good," a twinkle in his eyes; "pictures excellent, characterized by broad, Sargent-like effects. Now this . . . this judge you have depicted . . . you, ah, draw from life, I presume?"

"Rarely, your Honor," I answered. "Composites, ideals, rather . . . or."

"But you have color, sir, unmistakable color," he continued.

"That is splashed on afterward," I explained.

"This judge, then, is not modeled from life, as one might believe?"

"No, your Honor."

"Ah, I see, merely a type of judicial wickedness?"

"Nay, more, your Honor," I said, boldly; "an ideal."

"Splashed with local color afterward? Ha! Good! And may I venture to ask how much you received for this bit of work?"

"Thirty dollars, your Honor."

"Hum, good!" And his tone abruptly changed. "Young man, local color is a bad thing. I find you guilty of it and sentence you to thirty days' imprisonment, or, at your pleasure, impose a fine of thirty dollars."

"Alas!" said I. "I spent the thirty dollars in riotous living."

"And thirty days more for wasting your substance. Next case!" said his Honor to the clerk.

"Slim was stunned. 'Geel!' he whispered. 'Geel! The push gets ten days and you get sixty. Geel!'"

Leith struck a match, lighted his dead cigar and opened the book on his knees.

"Returning to the original conversation, don't you find, Anak, that though Loria handles the bi-partition of the revenues with scrupulous care, he yet omits one important factor, namely—"

"Yes," I said, absently; "yes."



The June Bride and Her Superstitions.

BY MARY TAYLOR-ROSS

The June bride, God bless her, observes strictly the manners and customs, the superstitions and notions that have come down to her through the long ages, with never a thought as to their origin, and but a passing guess as to their significance.

At other times she may sniff at those of her friends who are frankly superstitious, and openly defy the superstitions themselves, but now, her future weal is at stake, as well as the happiness of one whose welfare is far dearer than her own.

And so she decides that her wedding shall be observed with all that attention to detail which the superstitious declare will bring "good luck!"

"Just suppose there is something in all these notions," she whispers to herself with just a little shiver of foreboding—and the superstition that touches everyone of us at some time in our lives, be it ever so lightly, is very close to the heart of the girl at this time! And why? Well, fate, whether a kindly influence or otherwise, is so very, very potent, and human strength so very puny, human resolves and endeavor so very frail! If it be possible to ward off an evil fate by attention to time-honored customs and a few small details, shall she fail to do so? A thousand times no, and so the little bride is careful to wear,

"Something old, something new,
Something borrowed, something blue,
And a gold dollar in her shoe!"

Nor is this a jumble of words, devoid of significance. The "something old," signifies that the new wife is neither fickle nor forgetful, since old things are still precious in her sight, at a time when so many new things are at hand. "Old things are best," sang Owen Meredith, but the best combination in life is a mingling of the old and the new in our possessions. The "something new," indicates the prosperity which makes possible the purchase of new things, and prosperity generally presupposes thriftiness—good qualities in a wife. "Something borrowed," signifies the ability of the bride to borrow from her friends, and ability and willingness on the part of the friends to lend, should the wife ever need to borrow. Something that does not appear in the rhyme, but is handed down by tradition advises the girl to always borrow from someone better off in this world's goods than she herself, for this will indicate the possession of rich and powerful friends throughout life. The gold dollar in one's shoe signifies that the bride is careful and saving, since she has not spent the gold at a time in her life when a girl is most tempted to spend every sou she can get her hands upon in the purchase of new things, that she may appear at her best upon her wedding day!

"Something blue," explains itself, for blue is the color of faith and honor, truth and fidelity—qualities precious to lovers and doubly important to married lovers!

"Blest is the bride on whom the sun doth shine," is a very old and familiar saying, said to be exactly true, but it is not so commonly known that the day after the wedding is a sure indication of the sort of life to which the groom can look forward as his own portion of domestic bliss—sunshine or storm, and the writer has personally made notes of this saying, and it has, in the six

cases noticed, proved true! Sometimes the wedding day was bright and fair, while the day after dawned cloudy and morose; this bride invariably enjoyed life while her husband was most unhappy or at least seemed to be so; then the opposite has been found as true. The throwing of an old shoe after the bride signifies that her parents have given up all control over her—that henceforth she belongs wholly to her husband. (Mothers-in-law, please take notice!)

The throwing of rice is even more ancient a custom than the throwing of shoes, and, as one might suppose, comes from China, the land where rice is emblematic of every good thing, since it sustains life itself, without any other food. The throwing of rice has rather gone out of favor of late years, for, in the excitement, wedding guests were not always as careful as they might be, and serious accidents—injuries that have suddenly turned a gay party of guests into a band of mourners, have resulted. The tossing of confetti has almost entirely superseded the throwing of rice, and is really a picturesque custom. But perhaps the prettiest conceit of all, was seen at one June wedding, where the bridesmaids handed about among the guests pretty china and cut glass rose bowls, which were filled by the guests themselves from large punch bowls set here and there in the hall, and filled with rose leaves and orange blossoms. When the bride retired to don her traveling gown, these huge punch bowls were brought in by the servants and set here and there in convenient places, then the rose bowls were handed about among the guests, and when the bride and groom went down to the steps to the carriage they were literally showered with the fragrant petals, with many a merry wish that none of their rose leaves might ever be crumpled, and that they might always have the roses without the thorns. This pretty idea was the girl's mother's, who wished to have something quite original at the wedding of her only daughter!

As to the days of the week on which one should marry, and the months of the year which are propitious for this event, the writer can only pass on the two rhymes over which the engaged maiden would do well to ponder long and carefully, before she decides.

Monday for health, -
Tuesday for wealth,
Wednesday the best day of all;
Thursday for losses,
Friday for crosses,
Saturday no luck at all.

Just fancy the state of the maiden
who happens to select Saturday for
convenience sake, in ignorance of
this rhyme!

Then for the months of the year
we have this ancient rhyme:

Marcy when the year is new—always
loving, kind and true.

When February's birds do mate, you
may wed, nor dread your fate.

If you wed when March winds blow,
Joy and sorrow both you'll know.

Marry in April when you can—joy for
maiden and for man.

Marry in the month of May, you will surely rue the day!

Marry when June roses blow, over land
and sea you'll go.

They who in July do wed, must always
labor for their bread!

Whoever wed in August be, many a
change will surely see.

Marry in September's shine, your living
will be rich and fine.

If in October you do marry, love will
come, but riches tarry!
If you wed in bleak November, only joy
will come remember.
When December's snow falls fast, marry
and true love will last!

It is interesting to note in connection with this rhyme, that statistics tell us that there are more May marriages divorced than those of any other month in the year.

The origin of the wedding veil is quite appropriately shrouded somewhat in mystery, although there are given several possible origins. The most probable of these says that originally the wedding veil was a sort of canopy, held over the couple by attendants, much in the same fashion as the canopy of flowers is held over the peasant bride on the stage; this canopy was merely a cloth, which came in time to be held only over the bride to hide her blushes; then, finally, it came to be a part of the bride's costume, worn as a sort of head dress, instead of having it carried over her head.

As for the wedding ring, as many origins have been attached to it as to the veil, nearly all of them being equally beautiful. Everyone is familiar with the ring as meaning constancy, fidelity, unbroken love, enduring forever; the circlet, having no end, signifying "Eternity." Pliny tells us, and seems to believe, that the wedding ring is worn on the third finger of the left hand because a vein runs from this finger straight to the heart of the wife, so that a ring worn on this finger was right next the wife's heart, while yet it was in sight of all the world. The ring was probably selected as a wedding token on account of its convenience; it need not be removed with different garments, its plainness making it possible to wear it with the richest as well as the poorest of garments. It is also as appropriate to wear in the halls of splendour as in the humble cottage.

The giving of presents, to the newly wedded pair was, originally, a sensible and kindly custom, instead of the rather unpleasant and undesirable affair it has become. Many persons of good taste no longer give wedding presents, because they have come to mean little or nothing except an attempt to "keep up with the procession." In days of old, money was scarce; young people had little else than love to start out with, so their friends brought gifts that signified a sincere wish to help them in the rearing of their new home.

It is rather late in the day for this bit of advice, but the girl who thinks of marriage should take the precaution of first measuring the forefinger of her lover with her own, before she commits herself irrevocably. If his forefinger happens to be longer than her own, she would best reject him, for she will never rule her own household, the rule being that whichever has the longest forefinger becomes the ruling power in the home. One engaged girl, upon being told of this test, carefully measured fingers at once, and upon finding that her fiance's finger was much longer than her own, stoutly declared that she didn't care—"She didn't want to rule the house, anyway!" The man breathed freely once more. It was this very same girl, however, who was observed to make special and strenuous efforts to set her own right foot upon the church step before the groom, and to place this same foot upon the carpet before his! It is a sure sign that whichever sets foot first upon the church step and upon the carpet at the altar, will rule the house!

Which offers a solution of the "longest forefinger" problem! Avoid as you would the pestilence, the tying of your shoe in a carriage upon your wedding day. It is "unlucky!"

Never tempt the fates by wearing green, for this is always the color of evil fortune when worn by brides.

On no account should a prospective bride read over the entire marriage service before the ceremony actually takes place, for this also is most unlucky; some even go so far as to declare that the girl who reads over the entire marriage service before she is married, will never get married at all, some dire calamity preventing it, each time the day of days approaches!

It is said that more unhappy marriages occur in May than in any other month of the year,—and more divorces, and it is also said that

"To change the name but not the letter
is to change for worse, instead of
better!"

A bride always cuts the wedding cake first, and serves the first glass of wine at the wedding feast, in token that she is now a matron and a hostess, and must look to the comfort of her guests.

Of all things, never dare to save a single pin that has been used in the wedding gown. As soon as the feast is over (to do so before would be inconvenient) remove and throw away every pin that was used in dressing the bride. It would be more kindly to put these pins at once into the wastebasket, since it seems that it is no less unlucky for the bridesmaid to pick them up than for the bride herself. Some authorities declare that it is bad luck to have a single pin of any sort used in the bridal garments. This is certainly true if that single pin happens to prick the groom, for all women have noticed that nothing seems to have precisely the same effect upon a man's temper as having a pin prick him just as he is about to throw his arm around the bride.

A bride should always manage to squeeze out a few tears upon her wedding day—I suppose to signify that her weeping days are over—or should be, for “the sweetheart’s tears are honey, while those of the wife are poison” says an old eastern proverb. In ancient days a bride was supposed to weep copiously, in order to prove that she was not a witch, for witches, it was well known, could weep only three tears at a clip!

For the groom:—Don't dare to pick up your wife's handkerchief on her wedding day, should she accidentally drop it, for it is a sure sign that whoever picks up the bride's handkerchief will be forever after called upon to do little thankless tasks of all sorts that are never appreciated at their true worth. Let some disinterested person perform this service on this particular day; you'll have all the opportunity you wish to wait upon the lady in the years to come.

As for the color of the gown worn by the bride upon her wedding day, there are numberless rhymes setting forth the consequences, dire or otherwise, which follow the wearing of different shades and colors. But custom sanctions the wearing of white, and every girl should make a special effort to secure some sort of a white gown, even though it be the simplest sort of muslin frock—Have white for your wedding gown, even though obliged to go without something else, secure in the conviction that

"Married in white.
You have chosen all right!"

A Short Talk to the June Brides.

By CATHERINE MORTON.

There come the June brides, and bless us, what a pretty procession it is! The air is literally full of the floating ends of bridal veils, the scent of roses and orange blossoms, and also, less poetically, of rice and old shoes. The bridal shower and the wedding gift are abroad in the land, and are working widespread devastation.

For a "shower," a girl invites the prospective bride and as many of her friends as the house will hold. For a china shower, each one brings a piece of china, for a linen shower, each one buys table linen, towels, or something of the kind, and a long list of "showers" leave the bride's friends so impoverished in purse that they cannot buy the new gowns necessary for the wedding.

The wise ones see upon the horizon the waning of the wedding gift, and all of us, brides included, will say with one voice: "Heaven speed the day!" When the country was new, the wedding gift was prosaic and necessary, but nowadays people do not marry until they have the wherewithal to set up their own establishment, and it is always a pleasure to do one's own buying.

In these piping times of prosperity, a wedding gift implies intimacy. One may properly send the blushing recipient a list of things and ask her to choose her gift, in this way avoiding duplicates. Fancy the misery of the young housewife who gets eighteen salad forks and no salad bowl!

A young woman who was married last June was going west immediately after the ceremony, to make her home in a new part of the country. Her lifelong chum, after long thought, spent the money she had set aside for a wedding gift upon kitchen utensils which could not be had in the new place. She bought a salamander, a set of scales, the kind with an indicator and a dial, a frying basket, a whip churn, a waffle iron, an ice cream freezer, a soup kettle, a fish broiler, a chafing-dish, a patent chopper, and some shining copper saucepans. The bride wept salt tears of disappointment at first—she had expected something so different from her friend—but letters from the plains of Nebraska now indicate that the selection was fortunate. "You could have given me nothing," wrote the young wife, "which I could have appreciated more." This is a true story, and contains a hint which is worth passing on.

The Sentimental Chest.

One girl, who is to walk down the church aisle on her father's arm during June, with a white veil floating behind her, has planned a very appropriate gift for her lover. With her own fair hands she has burned and painted a design of hearts and true lover's knots upon a hollyhock box, which measures about a foot each way. It fastens with a copper hasp and padlock, and there are two keys to it. Within are their love letters, some faded roses, a book or two with underlined passages, a theatre programme, a photograph of the spot where the engagement was made, and various other interesting mementos. A scrap book containing a picture of the church, a sample of the bride's gown, newspaper notices of the wedding, and letters and telegrams of congratulations will go in later. Cupid strews these material things along the well-trodden path of courtship, and it is a good idea to preserve them for the remainder of the sentimental journey, and so keep the original charm at work. There may be magic in a sentimental chest—who can tell!

Wedding Anniversaries.

Wedding anniversaries are only less important than the great day itself. The first year one celebrates the cotton wedding, the second year paper, the third year leather, the fifth year wooden, the seventh year

woolen, the tenth year tin, the twelfth year silk or linen, the fifteenth year crystal, the twentieth year china, the twenty-fifth year silver, the thirtieth year pearl, the fortieth year ruby, the fiftieth year golden, the seventy-fifth year diamond.

A Cotton Wedding.

A cotton wedding, which was celebrated last autumn, was an extremely pretty function. The women wore cotton gowns and the men appeared in their summer apparel of white ducks. The rooms were decorated with cotton balls and draperies of cheese-cloth, and the table was unusually effective. In the center was a vase of American beauties, which, upon close inspection, were seen to be cloth. Around it was a pile of fleecy cotton, sprinkled with frost

can be made very pretty, but, of course, there is always the chance that the whole thing will be spoiled by rain. One wedding was celebrated in an apple orchard when the fruit trees were in bloom, and was so pretty that every girl there wanted one like it.

Two little nieces of the bride stretched the white ribbons through the long aisles of trees, and then came the bridal procession, the bridesmaids and groomsmen ahead, singing the wedding chorus from "Lohengrin." The bride was very simply gowned in white organdie, with a wreath of wild crabapple blooms in her hair, and the service was read under a wide-spreading canopy of blossoms. Afterward, the company adjourned to the house for refreshments.

Rustic arbors are easily improvised at any desired place for such an occasion, and common fish net, with twigs thrust through the meshes and fastened on the other side, makes a



"THE HONEYMOON"
"AND WHAT A MORNING THOSE TWO HAD HAD!"

powder, and the guest cards were of calico starched, ironed, and cut in the shape of hearts. The names were written in red ink. Streamers of cotton ran from the chandelier to the corners of the table, and a fleecy ball of cotton hung under the chandelier. The streamers were made of twine, with bits of cotton strung loosely upon them. The supper was as usual, and, of course, there was a fire before the evening was over, but the excitement did not interfere with the success of the party. Sousa's "King Cotton" March was played on the piano as the guests said good night. The gifts were all inexpensive and somewhat ridiculous in character, but as the country newspaper reporter would put it, "a most enjoyable time was had."

Outdoor Weddings.

If one is so fortunate as to live in the country, an outdoor wedding

very effective drapery where a curtain or a screen is needed. Any appropriate flowers may be used for decoration, and supper served afterwards at small tables on the lawn.

Bright Boys for Adoption.

This society has, at the present time, a number of fine, bright boys, whose ages range from 5 to 11 years. They are anxious to place these children in good homes in the province, and will be glad to hear from people who would like to adopt them. These boys are all of British parentage. Further information may be obtained by writing to F. J. Billiarde, Superintendent Children's Aid Society, 101 Mayfair Ave., Winnipeg.

"You say he has grown whiskers since last you saw him?" "Yes." "How did you recognize him?" "By my umbrella."

A Handsome Catalogue.

The Western Home Monthly this month received a copy of a handsome new catalogue issued recently for H. Cater, Brandon Pump and Windmill Works. The catalogue is printed on fine coated paper, and is illustrated throughout with excellent half-tone engravings of the goods, machinery, and all other accessories that go to make up a full and complete stock of Pump and Windmill fittings. Any person desiring information concerning pumps, windmills, gasoline engines, should write for one of these catalogues.

Address H. Cater, Brandon, Manitoba, and mention the Western Home Monthly when writing.

A Very Simple Remedy for Women.

When in need of a stimulant to aid nature's work, women will find Melcher's Red Cross Canadian Gin a most beneficial and effective tonic. It is well known that the effects derived from the medicinal properties of the juniper berry, from which Gin is made, is invaluable to a woman's constitution, and especially when the Geneva is of such a refined quality as the "Red Cross." It is not only an absolutely pure Gin, but it is the only Gin which, before being offered to the trade, is matured for years in bonded warehouses, where it has acquired that delicacy of flavor and mellowness of taste perfectly unknown to any other Gin.

Reports Business Brisk.

Mr. F. J. Castle, one of the inspectors for the Great West Life Assurance Company, of Winnipeg, has just returned from an extended Western trip.

He reports prospects bright in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, with a continually increasing acreage under cultivation. The light snowfalls in the latter part of April and early May did a great deal of good. Land values are rapidly advancing, and prosperity is apparent everywhere.

Considerable time was spent visiting the numerous Great West agencies along the Pheasant Hills branch of the C. P. R., where the increasing business of the company has necessitated the appointment of a Special Agent. The Company have secured the services of Mr. M. McCallum, of Abernethy, who has had a long experience in the business, and will take charge of the district.

The Wrong Trip.

The ferry-dock was crowded with weary home-goers when through the crowd rushed a man—hot, excited, laden to the chin with bundles of every shape and size. He sprinted down the pier, his eyes fixed on a ferryboat only two or three feet out from the pier. He paused but an instant on the string-piece, and then, cheered on by the amused crowd, he made a flying leap across the intervening stretch of water and landed safely on the deck. A fat man happened to be standing on the exact spot on which he struck, and they both went down with a resounding crash. When the arriving man had somewhat recovered his breath he apologized to the fat man. "I hope I didn't hurt you," he said. "I am sorry. But, anyway, I caught the boat!"

"But, you blanked fool," said the fat man, "the boat was coming in!"

The old negress was relating her troubles with a worthless husband to her sympathetic minister.

"Nothin' don't seem to 'o him good," she said, with a sigh.

"Well, slater," said the minister, "hab you eber tried heapin' coals of fire on his head?"

The negress replied: "No, my dear pastor, but I've tried pourin' hot water ovah him, and it did no good!"

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Is a Test, a Test at our Risk. We know what we have to offer, we know the public. We trust to the power of what we offer. We trust to the public's sense of Honor and Gratitude. The sick man or woman suffering day by day for lack of the right kind of help, is glad and happy to pay when they get the help. We know this we know Vitas-Ore will help, we know we will get our pay, and so we take the risk. We want to take it—all of it. We are glad to do it.

It is not a gamble, not an experiment, not a chance, but a test, and a test that leads to absolute sure conviction, to assurance, to positive knowledge that Vitas-Ore is the best medicine on earth for sick and ailing, poor, thin, weak, debilitated, worn-out, Rheumatism-racked, Stomach-tortured, Kidney-tyrannized men and women. It is a test that leads to unassailable certainty that Vitas-Ore is the Right Medicine for him or her who makes the test—a test that leads to our pay and Vitas-Ore's popularity. That is why we take the Risk.

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RHEUMATISM.

Cured By One Month's Treatment.

UFFORD, ONT.—Owing to exposure during severe weather in winter, I contracted Rheumatism. I tried the various treatments and



liniments which were recommended to me, but got no relief; the pain bothered me worse in the hip, making me at times almost helpless. One day, while reading my paper, I saw Vitas-Ore advertised on thirty days' trial. On seeing that it was recommended for Rheumatism I became interested and concluded to send for a trial package, which I did. From the very first dose of Vitas-Ore I felt an improvement and by the time the month's treatment was finished the Rheumatism was entirely gone. I have not felt the slightest symptom of it since and never felt better in my life. I cannot recommend Vitas-Ore too highly for what it has done for me. J. M. SHER.

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as it has done for hundreds of readers of this paper if you will give it a trial. Send for a \$1.00 package at our risk. You have nothing to lose but the stamp to answer this advertisement. We want no one's money whom Vitas-Ore cannot benefit. You are to be the judge! Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, who desires a cure and is willing to pay for it, can hesitate to try Vitas-Ore on this liberal offer? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases, two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. We mean just what we say—do just as we agree. Write today for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and ailments, and mention this paper.

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Thirty-Day Trial Offer

If You Are Sick we want to send you a \$1.00 package of Vitas-Ore, the great healer from the earth's veins, enough for 30 days' use, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it, just want a letter from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.O. for 30 days and pay us \$1.00 if it has helped you. If you are satisfied that it has done you more than \$1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing, we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the next 30 days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes each day for 30 days to use it. That is all it takes. Cannot you give 100 minutes to insure for you new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor, to your judgment, as to whether or not V.O. has benefited you. Read what Vitas-Ore is, and write today for a dollar package on this most liberal trial offer.

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IF you are sick or suffering from any of the above named disorders, in all of which V.O. is of special value, don't let another day go by before you send for a trial package.

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from anything ever before offered, from other treatments you have used, as is pure milk from chalk and water or the brilliant sunlight from a tallow candle. It flows like life through your veins, pure as it came from the veins of the earth, and acts in a different manner, cures in a different way. It is different from all others and can be differently offered to those in need—on trial, the user to be the judge—a way sellers of medicine dare not duplicate or copy. Send for a dollar package today and test it at our risk. Do not delay, but do it today.

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INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Vitas-Ore has done much for myself and family.

My husband has been afflicted with Catarrh for years and in 1900 it settled in his Stomach and nothing would help him. His Stomach would hardly stand anything. Whenever he tried to eat it caused coughing spells, at which times he vomited blood, and his death was expected at almost any hour. It was then my sister visited me. She had used V.O. with good results and had some with her, which she gave him to try. My husband got better almost from the first dose, and was out of danger in a short time. We sent for more Vitas-Ore and he kept on taking it until he got completely well, and he has remained so ever since, although now sixty-seven years of age.

About that time my son took very sick and the doctors pronounced it Quick Consumption and said he could not get well. We gave him Vitas-Ore and he grew well and hearty. He was then twenty-six years of age and now is past thirty-two, is married and has two beautiful and healthy children.

I, personally, suffered for many years with Female Trouble until doctors told me that I had to have an operation as the only thing that could give me relief, and I consented. This was over ten years ago and it left me very weak and but very little benefited. It was the Vitas-Ore which has given me strength and now blood so that I have since been able to attend to my housework. I will be sixty-six years old in May, but don't feel that old; I go about my work and duties now much better than I did twenty years ago. All of this we owe to Vitas-Ore. MRS. EMMA SACHS, 522 So. Illinois St.



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Margaret McDonough's Restaurant.

The Story of the Beginning and End of a Business Career.

By Annie O'Hagan.

I.

The scars of McDonough's parting with his wife were scarce healed upon her face when that undaunted soul was once more in the lists. Bruised, penniless, deserted by her sailor husband, she still faced the future gallantly.

"Ten dollars, Barney," she prayed Nolan, captain of the district, "ten dollars I ask ye. 'Twill be paid to ye come Satiddy night."

Barney looked at her, square-shouldered, square-waisted, with broad, honest face and eyes that held an unsubduable twinkle.

"A hundred if ye need it, Mrs. McDonough," he said in the tone of a man declaring his creed.

The ten dollars sufficed, and they were repaid on Saturday night. In the intervening time a store had reared itself against the support of the corner grocery, showing an inviting face to the car-stables across the street. A faded sail-cloth awning, probably home made, was stretched taut above it, and from it flapped the legend, "Margaret McDonough's Restaurant."

Thither between trips the car-men dashed for a cup of coffee or a sandwich. There they bought the coconut cakes, the apples and bananas, which stood in neat piles beneath great glass bells.

"What wid the flies an' these germs I do be hearin' so much about," explained Margaret, "it seems safer like to keep things covered when they're to be eaten. I was always finicky about me own food, any way."

Her neatness, rare in that neighborhood, the drawing power of her sunny personality, and the chivalry of the men, all of whom came to know the story of her wedded life, made her venture a success. A year had not passed before the grocer—dismal purveyor of fly-specked wares indiscriminately flavored with soap and kerosene—moved out of the store, and Margaret's sign, a proud wooden one this time, hung in front of it. It was a queer, box-like, one-storied frame building, the derelict of passing years. The elevated road cast perpetual shadow upon it. The tall tenements which had become its neighbors frowned above it. There was noise in plenty around it, trains and cars and the overflow population of the vicinity keeping up a perpetual roaring and clatter. But in the midst of dinginess it preserved, under Margaret's tenancy, a character strangely peaceful and cheerful.

Her own capable hands white-washed the walls and painted the broad planked floor a lively yellow. They also tacked the white oilcloth smooth upon the tables; they ordained a shining cleanliness in the kitchen behind the half-high partition; eventually they set upon the ledges of the wide glass front, left by the grocer, pots of geraniums dimly visible behind muslin sash curtains. And then her jocular patrons entreated Margaret to call her place the Waldorf-Astoria.

At first she was cook, waitress, and cashier. Gradually, as the establishment thrived, she dropped the two former roles, though the cuisine was still under her careful supervision, and the limping service of the one waiter, an agile cripple whose plight had moved her kind heart, were supplemented by her own.

Never were kindness and thrift more united. She had a genius for knowing when to refuse credit, and a divine sympathy in extending it. When Toby Wilson lost his job in consequence of his ill-luck in running down a child, Margaret fed him and kept him sane; for he was like to have gone mad with the continual vision of a little flying figure suddenly darting before his car. When Greenow, on the other hand, applied for his second meal without settle-

ment, she denied him, alleging to an intimate that her only reason was her dislike of his eyes.

She quelled incipient disorder in the little restaurant with a promptness and firmness not to be gainsaid. When Norris picked a quarrel with his wife there, she turned the notorious bully out, and she took tender care of the terror-stricken little creature whom he left behind him. She made Mrs. Norris visit her until Norris came, humbly praying his housekeeper, laundress, and cook to return to the protection of his roof.

Once, when Margaret sat alone late at the desk, the door opened suddenly, and a man, a stranger to her, shambled in toward one of the tables. Opposite her he suddenly veered, and in a flash a revolver fronted her eyes.

"Open the drawer an' open it quick!" commanded the thief.

Margaret laughed naturally and heartily.

"I will that," she answered readily. "But ye great booby, did ye think it was there I'd be keepin' the day's earnings?"

She opened the till, and a few lonely dimes and nickels rattled forlornly.

"Well, get them where you do keep them, then!" commanded the marauder with an oath.

"I'll have no talk like that in me place," declared Margaret angrily. "Larn to keep a civil tongue in your head, or—"

"Ah, don't be all night about it," interrupted the man. "I didn't mean no disrespect!"

"Well, then," murmured Mrs. McDonough, mollified, "but it's in me stockin' it is this minute, an' you can look another way while I'm gettin' it."

This scruple, from a lady who refused to tolerate blasphemy while being robbed, seemed to her caller only natural. With another adjuration to her to hurry, he turned his back upon her and stood facing the door.

Margaret bent with the heavy breathing of a stout woman, and fumbled with her skirts. Her desk was an old-fashioned affair, standing high upon four legs. Through the space made by them she reached with amazing agility, and seized the intruder around the knees. Desk and man and woman rolled over in inextricable confusion, in the midst of which the pistol went noisily and harmlessly off; and the sound summoned help from the stables across the way.

When Barney Nolan heard of this exploit, his ruddy and hirsute face grew mottled with fear. He strode down to Margaret's.

"See here, Mrs. McDonough," he began in a voice thick and unlike his own, "see here. I can't have you here like this—alone, in all kinds of danger. I say, Margaret, won't you have me? I'm a plain man, but there ain't been a day since you started—it's five year now, since, that I haven't thought ye the finest woman—won't you have me?"

Margaret looked at him, burly and red-faced, his heavy features quivering with feeling.

"An' what kind of a woman do ye take me for," she answered with measured anger in her voice, "to be listenin' to any man's love talk an' me wid a husband of me own?"

"Jem McDonough? He's a pretty husband!"

"You've been me kind friend, an' God knows I needed friends; ye set me on me feet, when but for ye I'd have been I don't know where. An' it's been sorrow to me that there'd be no way for me iver to make it up to ye. But there's no more obligation on me—"

Her voice faltered, and tears extinguished the fires of upright anger in her eyes. Barney was the miserable victim of divided feelings. Res-

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pect for her hurt pride, a traditional sympathy with her view of the sacred indissolubility of marriage, the common sense of the leader, and the protective yearning of the lover, all fought for mastery in him. Scolding and apologizing, he took his leave.

When he was gone, Margaret relaxed for a few luxurious moments to compare him—this king of men, big and powerful, and kind, and well-to-do—with the brute whose name she bore with so much honor. And she admitted to herself that, had things been other than they were—if Jem were really dead and she knew it—then she shook herself free of the fancy she sternly called sinful. But she gratefully acted upon Barney's suggestion that a police alarm should be attached to the edge of her desk. And she noticed with a soft thankfulness that the dingy neighborhood was well patrolled at night.

II.

There were few patrons in the little room on the winter night when Jem returned. The big round stove in the centre sent forth waves of heat to the white corners of the room. The appetizing odors of warmed-over stew and fresh coffee were in the air. Margaret sat at the desk, beaming broadly and benignantly upon the scene. The door opened, and with a stamping and shaking to rid himself of the snow upon his garments, her husband entered and advanced to the desk. He looked at Margaret and laughed.

No other ruffian, even of Jem's imposing inches, could terrify her; but with whatever sacramental grace the marriage that gave her to him had been endued, certainly it held a sacramental fear for her. Or perhaps the deeper and more mysterious power which in her youth, her prettiness, her dauntless vigor, had subdued her to the cruel domination of the man, still held her. She looked at him and blanched and shivered, all the pride and strength gone suddenly out of her.

"You seem glad to see me, Maggie!" he laughed.

The men at the tables turned and watched. Margaret McDonough's Restaurant was so much their own institution, Margaret herself so much theirs, that they would have thrown her husband into the nearest snow-drift at the least hint from her. But she would not give the sign for which they longed. Instead, she answered faintly:

"You've given me small cause for gladness, far or near, Jem."

"Well," bellowed Jem, "I'm near now, do ye see, my lady? And ye can give me some supper, right now. I hear your cookin' is much praised, Mrs. McDonough."

She pushed her chair back and went meekly toward the kitchen. Her lame assistant, Sam, who tried to block her way, she brushed aside. She herself waited on her husband, setting before him meat and bread and coffee. Her eyes stared afar like the eyes of the blind as she served him. And so he came to his own again.

Margaret McDonough's Restaurant changed rapidly after the return of Jem. He was lord of the till. He and his companions, men and women, came in at any hour and filled the room with mocking noise. They frightened away more peaceable patrons. He smoked about the place, he insulted the other guests. He occupied Margaret's home in an adjoining tenement when he pleased, and was absent when he pleased. In a state of dazed misery, she watched the collapse of what she had reared so bravely.

Barney Nolan looked on with apoplectic rage; he had a crude respect for Margaret's notions and admiration for her very follies; but once or twice his impatience and disgust overleaped the restraints his respects imposed, and he besought her to divorce the brute.

"It's not for me own sake I ask it," he assured her truthfully. "I'll

never say the word 'marry' to ye once. Only get rid of him. Your life's not safe. An' this I tell ye. If anything happens to you through him, I'll kill him, an' it'll be murder on your soul!"

But Margaret shook her stubborn head.

"Oh, soon he'll tire, an' he'll be off again. Last time it was for six years; next time it may be for ever."

But one day she came herself hurrying to Barney—a thing she had never done before since the day she had borrowed the ten dollars. The room behind the saloon was deserted in the forenoon hour. The astonished waiter hurried with news of her visit to Barney in the bar-room. He rushed out to her. Her eyes were ablaze with more than their old light; her pale cheeks were flushed with the red badge of determination.

"Barney Nolan," she cried, "I'll do it. I'll do it! It may be a sin, but I'll take Purgatory for it an' call it a little thing. Do you know what he's done now?"

Barney knew several things in Jem's conduct which might have aroused an ordinary wife to such a pitch as this. But he could not conceive of any new outrage which would arouse the obstinately meek and forbearing Margaret. He shook his head.

"What is it, Margaret?"

"The—the sign," blubbered Margaret, lying her bonneted head upon the table and crying, unashamed. "The sign! He's had my name painted out, an' his painted on—oh, Barney, Barney, Barney!"

Mr. Nolan was not one to split hair on the subject of human motives. He did not waste time in consideration of the curious psychological fact that the woman could be abused, betrayed, and abandoned without active resentment, but cried out for vengeance over a change of letters on a signboard. Theorizing he left to others. He hastened to put in mo-

tion the machinery of the divorce courts.

Served with a summons in the case, Mr. James McDonough made loud threats as to what his course would be, what punishments he would inflict upon the person and the reputation of his wife. But perhaps the cloud of witnesses against him, or the dread dignity of the court, or the look about Barney Nolan's jaw restrained him. He made no defence, and the decree was granted with a promptness very distasteful to his feelings.

Mr. Nolan was of the opinion that a prolonged sea voyage would benefit his adversary, accustomed as Mr. McDonough was to a maritime life. He felt a fear for Margaret's safety while her husband was about with his wounds fresh to infuriate him.

"By an' by it won't matter," soliloquized the district captain. "Whin we're married, I'd like to see the man that would dare touch me wife, but—it'll be many a month before I'll so much as dare say marry to Maggie. And so meantime—"

To shanghai is an ugly word and a criminal offence as well. To suggest that a prominent citizen and an influential politician like Mr. Nolan had dealings with the providers of involuntary ship's crews would be libelous. But it is true that two nights after Mr. Nolan's soliloquy, Jem McDonough shipped for Australia.

III.

"Barney," said Mrs. Nolan, leaning proudly on Barney's arm a few months after their marriage, "do ye know I do be likin' it that Sam and Nellie keeps the old sign on the place?"

"Ah," growled Barney in bass affection, "I don't doubt it's money in their pockets!"

It's not much use pronouncing a benediction on your brother when you have blood in your eye



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MONTREAL 3-1-06

Correspondence

Note—Readers desiring to form the acquaintance of any contributor to these columns are requested to enclose us a letter with stamp thereon and we will put the proper address on it and mail it to the person so designated. Owing to the increase in contributions to our Correspondence Columns a number of letters intended for publication this month are held over and will appear in our July number.

The interest in the discussion in these columns is on the increase. During the past month we have exchanged letters, and re-addressed them to the number of about ten letters a day on an average.

We are willing to assist readers of both sexes in forming each others acquaintance. The time and expense incurred in handling this correspondence from readers is considerable but we are prepared to do our part to assist the young men and young women of this vast country to form each others acquaintance.

Send on your contributions to these columns, we are prepared to do our part in your interest. All letters must be signed by the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. All contributions treated strictly confidential.

A Sensible Letter.

Brandon, May 23rd, 1906.

Editor:—I am a constant reader of your excellent magazine and have followed with much interest your correspondence column. As it is the bachelor and marriage question that is on for discussion I think I will have a little say on the subject. Your February number contained several letters from bachelors who appear to be somewhat indignant at some of the girl correspondents for writing as they have done about the faults of the bachelors. Well in my circle of bachelor acquaintances there are quite a number who do not touch liquor or tobacco and are good moral living industrious young men well worthy of a good wife. There are others again who make lots of money but spend it foolishly in many ways; which makes them anything but fit companions for a good woman. There are others I know, who make plenty of money, live morally good lives, but they are of a miserly hum drum sort. They seem to think that girls never want any of the many little treats or pastimes that help to make life pleasant. They seem to think that a woman should be content to live in any sort of an old shack for a house, to work away from morning till night the whole year round,

without any holidays or trips or company, and many other little pleasures which are dear to most women. They think that just so long as she has what they term a man she ought to be satisfied. What surprises me most often is how more of these men get good wives than those who are more deserving of a good wife. I like the way Vacuum in a recent number expresses himself.

He says he wants a wife, not a servant or a housekeeper; if more of the men thought of the women as he does, there would be fewer bachelors and more happy homes in this western country of ours. Of course it is very fine and nice for a girl to step into a home where there is lots of money to do as she pleases with. I think any man who lives a good moral industrious life and does not touch liquor or tobacco is worthy of a good wife.

"Mother's Girl."

Writes in behalf of the Women.

Crowfoot, Alta, May 11th, 1906.

Editor:—In reading your magazine I notice a letter from Lauder, Man., signed Home Lover and I think this young bachelor does not know what a woman is or he would not expect her to be able to do as much work as he does himself.

I quite agree with him re her being able to cook. Cooking is something every young girl or woman should be able to do. But as for feeding calves, pigs, and milking cows, as well as weeding the garden, etc., why all this work is simply out of the question and I cannot understand how any young man starting in life would have the nerve to expect his young wife to do such drudgery. He should remember that a woman is not a horse, but it seems that some of the writers in your correspondence columns would expect her to do as much as his horse. If I am ever unfortunate enough to get a wife I will never expect her to do as much as some of our Alberta bachelors expect a wife to do.

"A Railroader."

Billy wants a Wife.

Indian Head, May 15th, 1906.

Editor:—Being a subscriber to your interesting magazine and having made up my mind that I must have a wife, I thought I would write you a few lines.

I think that I can keep a wife a great deal better than many of the chaps that I know around here. Would you be so kind as to put my little ad. in your magazine or would you put me in communication, with a young Protestant lady of refinement. I would like one who can play the piano, I'll furnish the piano. Permit me to say also that I keep a chore boy. Trusting that you will help me find the kind of girl I am looking for, I remain yours, &c.

"Billy."

Thinks Saskatoon Girl O. K.

Editor:—I got hold of a copy of your December Number, 1905, just lately, and I see a letter from a young lady who signs herself "Young Woman," Saskatoon. I think she is quite right about the men who drink not deserving a wife. If more of the ladies thought the same and made their thoughts known through the medium of your excellent magazine there would not be so many unhappy homes. But the trouble is, that a number of young women hold the view that they can reform the drunkard after marriage. I think in most cases it proves a failure and a life of misery is the result.

"Total Abstainer."

Sympathise with Bachelors.

Paskhan, Sask., May 19th, 1906.

Editor:—I have read the letters in the Western Home Monthly for some time past and now wish to correspond and join in with the rest. Many of the writers criticize rather too much. I for one take the bachelors' part as they (some of them) have a hard life especially when they have been working hard all day with the sun looking them in the face; when they finish instead of coming in knowing there is a nice hot supper waiting for them, they must get it for themselves.

That young widow who wrote from B. C. was very harsh with the bachelors.

"Snow Flake."

Takes the Bachelors to Task.

Olds, Alberta, April 16th, 1906.

Editor:—In looking through the correspondence of your valuable magazine, one sees letters that should not go unchallenged, the "Alberta Boy" and "A Home Lover" both of April issue, should go hand in hand, the former says he has not got time to go on a wife hunting expedition and finishes by saying he is O. K. and well fixed; the latter says he is a prosperous farmer and signs himself "A Home Lover." What kind of a home would he have if his wife has to do all he expects her to do in his opinion of a good wife? I think that both these young men had better change their ads. from "Wanted A Wife" to "Wanted—A chore boy, willing to work for his board and clothes." It was with pleasure that I read the letters from "A Western Young Woman" and "Spinster Aged 19" both of April issue, the former in my opinion is quite right, if a wife is worth having she is worth running after, and "Spinster Aged 19" has got the majority of the cases of married life on a farm just sized up rightly; the chores on a farm are not a woman's work though in many instances a girl living at home on a farm has no other choice, she has not had the education to do otherwise, but, on the other hand, when a man asks a girl to marry him he should not expect her to be the chore boy, but give her a nice home and let that be her sphere, if

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Everybody works but father—He reads the Western Home Monthly.

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I am a young man, 25 years old, and I am looking for a girl to love and marry. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle.

Makes a Request
 I am a young man, 25 years old, and I am looking for a girl to love and marry. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle.

Another Request
 I am a young man, 25 years old, and I am looking for a girl to love and marry. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle.

Would Wangy Send Photo
 I am a young man, 25 years old, and I am looking for a girl to love and marry. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle.

The Girl from Wisconsin
 I am a young man, 25 years old, and I am looking for a girl to love and marry. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle.

Desire His Acquaintance
 I am a young man, 25 years old, and I am looking for a girl to love and marry. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle.

Another
 I am a young man, 25 years old, and I am looking for a girl to love and marry. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle.

Will Write an Article
 I am a young man, 25 years old, and I am looking for a girl to love and marry. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle.

Half Scotch Hessel
 I am a young man, 25 years old, and I am looking for a girl to love and marry. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle.

Edna Writes Marriageable Man
 I am a young man, 25 years old, and I am looking for a girl to love and marry. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle.

Who'll Take Pity on Him
 I am a young man, 25 years old, and I am looking for a girl to love and marry. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle.

Would Like an Inside Track
 I am a young man, 25 years old, and I am looking for a girl to love and marry. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle. I am a good man, and I am looking for a girl who is kind and gentle.

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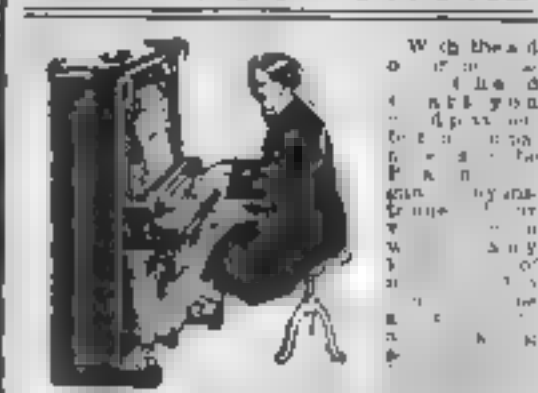
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Temperance Talk.

Who Slew General Custer?

There are those living today who can remember how the American people were horror-stricken when the press of the country published the news that the brave General Custer with his whole company of soldiers had been massacred in the Big Horn massacre and they can remember how loud were the calls for revenge upon the Sioux Indians, and how the demand for a war of extermination was urged.

The battle that General Custer and his brave men fought with so much

glory and honor was a battle that was lost. And how was the battle lost? Not until a book entitled "Indian Fights and Indian Fighters," Brady was published, was the true cause known. Drink! that is what caused the death of General Custer and the battle to be lost.

That book the author makes the statement that Major Reno, who had a corps of soldiers under his command within reach of General Custer, and who had received orders to come to his relief, was too drunk on that day to lead his soldiers. His drunkenness was not only his shame, and the disgrace of the American army but was the cause of the destruction of Custer and his entire command.

This story was published about four years ago. An Advocate by Mr. Thompson, General Reno confessed all that is here above stated to his friend, Arthur Edwards, and from him the confession was given to Mr. Thompson, who published it in the paper. If the extermination of the army was caused by a man who had lost control of himself through strong drink, fresh emphasis is laid upon the

fact that my saloon should not only be a place of amusement from the army posts but the territory adjacent to all barracks of our soldiers should be cleared of saloons for miles about. No one can predict with safety that a similar event might not overtake a portion of our army in future warfare if men who have the lives of their own men and that of their fellow commanders at their disposal drink. Total abstinence for the men who command as well as for the men who obey ought to be the rule.

Soberly-loving people shall demand that their flag shall be protected by sober soldiers commanded by sober officers.—National Advocate.

Saloonkeeper's Warning.

We have recently seen a letter written by a Georgia saloonkeeper to a man who had written to him offering to buy his business. The man who wanted to buy his business had a wife and four children. He did not wish to take his family to live in the place where the saloon was located, or did he wish his mother or other relatives to know about his going into business. To this man the saloonkeeper wrote advising him not to go into "the degrading position of whiskey dealer." He said:

"I do not blame you for not wanting your relatives to know that you intend to deal in whiskey, and if one iota of self-respect left, I beg you, for the sake of your wife and children and aged mother please do not degrade yourself by going to sell rum, but assist them in this work to be elevated instead of beingducers of vice and sin. You may be surprised at these words coming from a man who sells booze. However late that only, has thrown me into this carnal vocation."

"I hope that it is not too late for you to mend your ways, that your present intentions can be changed up to the advice of one who is in the business, and who is giving you, free of charge, advice which I hope you will heed. Not having the pleasure of a personal acquaintance, I hope that you may be in a position, at some future date, to thank me for this

and in your hours of devotion, offer up a silent prayer for one who is suffering through the misguidance of human fate.

A Whole Land for Prohibition.

Iceland, about half the size of Missouri, has no jail, no penitentiary, there is no court and only one police man. Not a drop of alcoholic liquor is made on the island and its 78,000 people are total abstainers. It will not permit any liquor to be imported.

There is not an illiterate on the island, not a child ten years old, able to read, the system of public schools being practically perfect. There are special seminaries and colleges, several good newspapers, and a printing establishment which yearly publishes a number of excellent books.

Such is the report brought by Northern travellers of this incomparable and ideal land. It speaks with a mighty voice for Prohibition.—The Vanguard.

The Saloon Has No Inherent Right.

The right to sell intoxicating liquor is neither a natural nor constitutional right. The state may abolish it, bid or may license such sale. A license when granted is not a contract vested right out mere permission which may be revoked at any time. The manner in which such permission be recalled and the consequences attending thereon are mere limitations upon the privilege.

The statute confers a privilege, which the citizen is at liberty to accept by becoming a licensee, or not, as he pleases. Having accepted the privilege he can not object to any conditions which have been attached thereto by a grantor with power to do so. He who holds the privilege—Judge of the Court of New York.

What the Leaders Say.

The English collegian thus sums up the matter in respect to drink: "I abstain from."

As an oarsman, Harlan says, "I abstain."
As a swimmer Webb says, "I abstain."
As a missionary, Lusk says, "I abstain."
As a doctor Clark says, "I abstain."
As a preacher, Fierce says, "I abstain."

Asylums, prisons and workhouses repeat the cry of "Abstain!"

Burdette on the Saloon.

If the saloon men insist on quoting me on this topic, let them commit this to memory, that they may repeat it as they need it. I do not know one good thing about the saloon. It is an evil thing that has not one redeeming thing in all its history to commend it to good men. It breaks the laws of God and man. It desecrates the Sabbath, it profanes the name of religion, it defies public order, it tramples under foot the tenderest feelings of humanity, it is a moral pestilence that blights the very atmosphere of town and country. It runs upon bones, it is a dog upon a dog upon a dog upon a dog upon the nobler impulses, it is an unclean, ungodly, indecent and

Search through the history of this material thing, and read one page over which some mother can bow her grateful head and thank God for all the saloon did for her boy. There is such record. All its history is written in tears and blood, with smears of shame and stains of crime and dark blots of disgrace.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.



Now, kindly mark me well, my friends, in what I have to say. Anent the coffee of this morn and that of yesterday. That coffee served us yesterday was stinky-gray and flat, And I who know the coffee plant know what is meant by that. The berry grew indifferent from out impoverished soil, Nor had the richness at its roots from which to draw the oil. Or, if a bit of oil were stored, the roasting was not well, And being charred the oil escaped from out each tiny cell. And so 'twas tasteless, flat and tame, and I put in my kick. And I am pleased that Mrs. Brown has changed her brand so quick. This coffee has a brilliant brown, its body, too, you'll note, Those little bubbles mark the oil—observe them where they float. That means the berry had the best that sun and soil can lend. 'Tis CHASE & SANBORN'S growth, you know—a firm that's proud to spend its time and money on its plants. Care, curing, roasting, too, Are just the best that expert hands, experienced long, can do. And when this richness is unlocked by Nature's charm of heat, You have the best that Nature gives, a draught of cheer, complete. In every coffee attribute. Thus speaks your Autocrat, And he, you know, was never caught a-talking through his hat.

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ITS RARE and SUPERIOR QUALITIES
in the construction of every part. For
the most perfect and durable
instrument that have made the
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You have often heard me say, "It's only a cold, a sniffle, nothing to worry about." Well, now I can tell you that a cold, if neglected, can lead to serious complications. It had been remedied with

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

It is a pleasant, safe and effective remedy that may be used in all cases of colds, coughs, croup, whooping cough, influenza, and all other respiratory troubles. It is made from the purest and most potent of the Norway Pine, and is guaranteed to give relief in all cases. It is the only remedy of its kind that is so effective and so safe. It is the only remedy that is so effective and so safe. It is the only remedy that is so effective and so safe.

The Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a glass bottle, and is guaranteed to give relief in all cases. It is the only remedy of its kind that is so effective and so safe. It is the only remedy that is so effective and so safe. It is the only remedy that is so effective and so safe.

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George M. Gould, D.D.

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We've some special money saving piano offers this month for our Western friends. Write for full particulars and lists.

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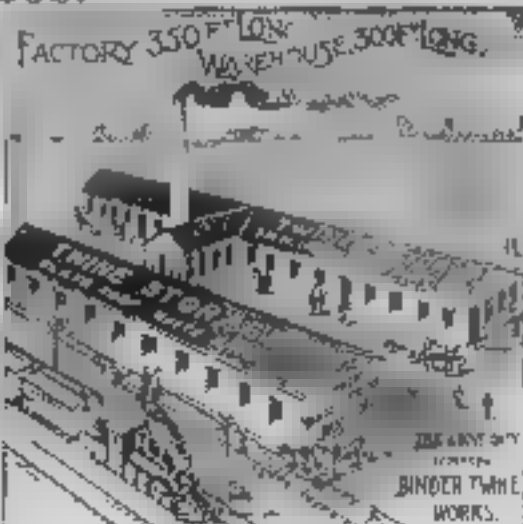
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A Co-operative movement of Thousands of Farmers, in Ontario, Manitoba and Quebec.



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COMPANY



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GENERAL MANAGER.



In 1893 we reduced the price from 18 to 8c; in 1898 this Company placed the mill's entire output in the hands of the farmers at 7.5c. While our opponents were getting as high as 16 and 17 in the North-West.

The men who give their orders through the winter without knowing a price, by such acts are simply staggering co-operation and will be forced to accept any characters of twine on the eve of the harvest with their grain shelling in the field.

If we are not represented in your locality, telegraph or write instantly the name of a good farmer and we will appoint him at once.

JOSEPH STRATFORD,
GENERAL MANAGER.

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Winnipeg, July 23 to 28, 1906

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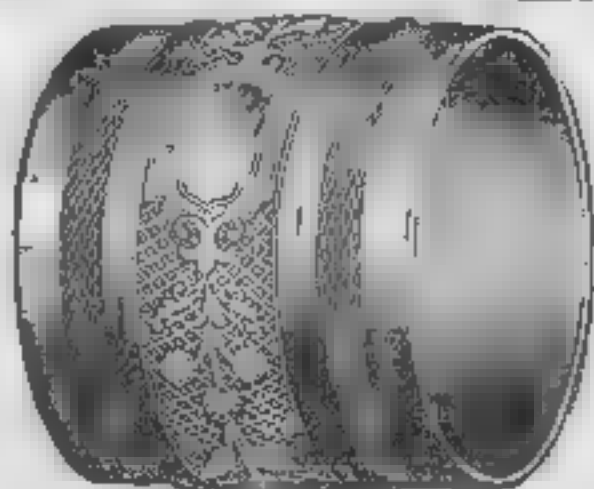
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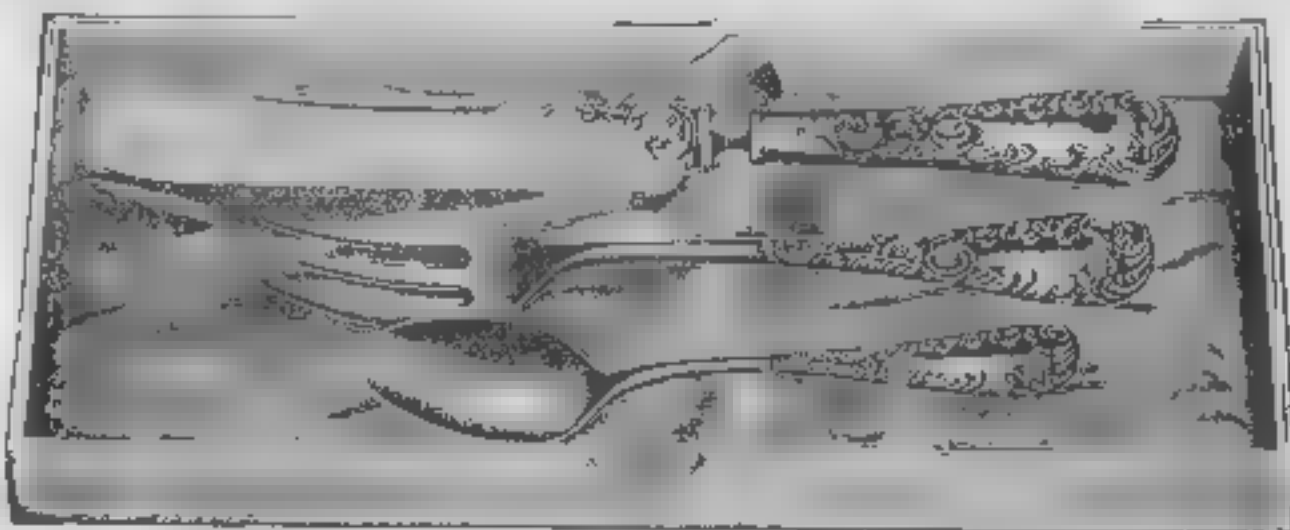
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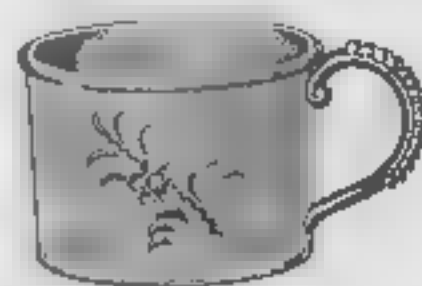
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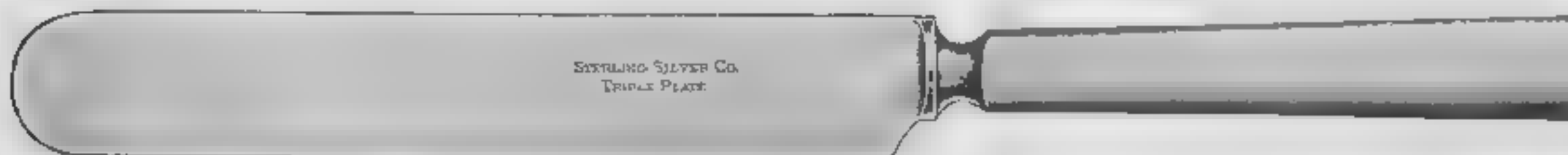
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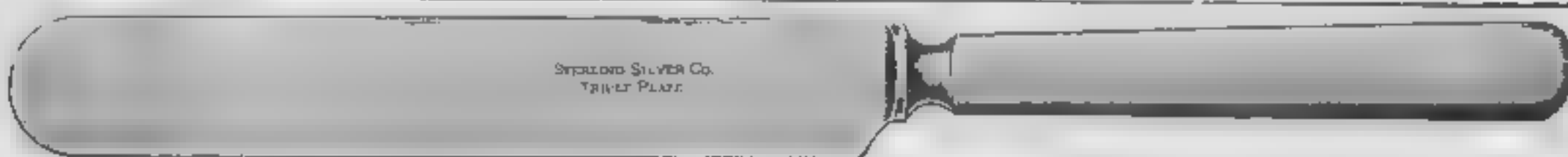


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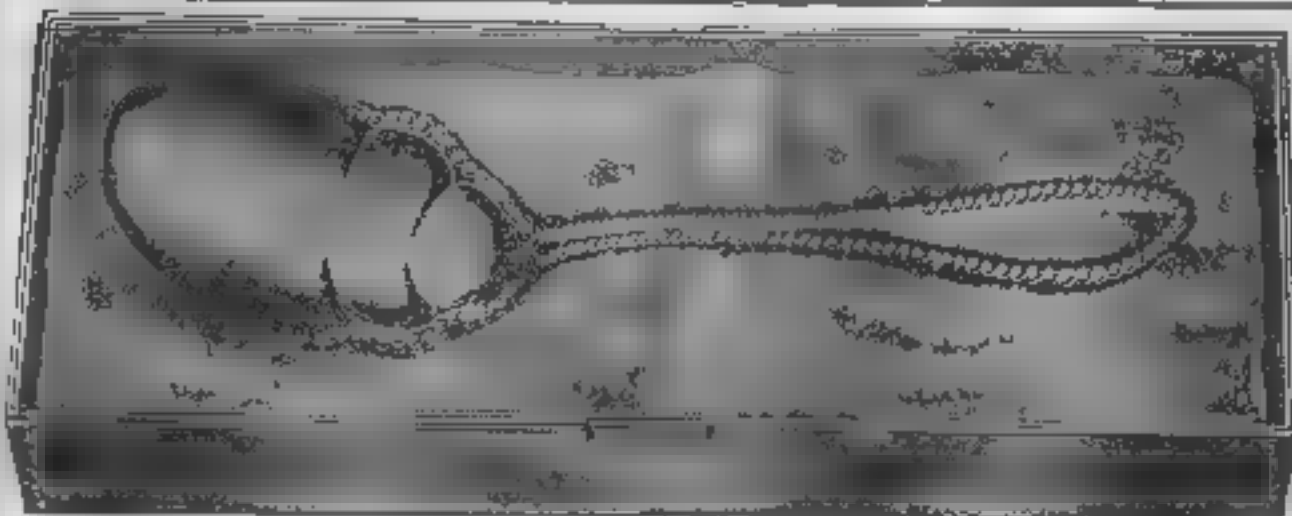
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Alberta Cream Ladle, bright bowl in silk lined box. Free for 125 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers, or 35c. and 25 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers. If outside of Winnipeg add 8c. for postage.

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The Young Man and His Problem

By JAMES L. GORDON

HEALTH AND SUCCESS. Health is wealth. Wealth without health is scarcely better than food without an appetite. Gladstone built up his body and his brain at the same time. He was a great reader and a great worker. He was wise in his physical and mental qualities. He led to be ninety. Why? Because the strength of his body matched the keenness of his brain. James G. Blaine might have reached the presidency of the United States if his body had not failed him. He had a strong intellect but a weak body. On Sunday morning, June 11th—three days before the Republican convention at Cincinnati, Mr. Blaine and his family made ready to go to church. It was an exceedingly warm day, but Mr. Blaine was feeling unusually well so instead of riding to the church in a carriage, they walked the distance. The party had just reached the steps of the church when Mr. Blaine was suddenly prostrated and sank into the arms of his wife. He murmured something about a pain in his head, and then he died. It was late in the afternoon before he showed the least sign of consciousness. From that moment the health element became a factor in every thing where Mr. Blaine's name was presented for the presidency. His enemies argued that a man of such uncertain health was not a suitable candidate for the presidency. O. How much James Blaine would have given for a sound body! Let your motto be, "A sound mind in a sound body." Thirty minutes of regular exercise every day will keep your body in a healthy condition. Remember health is wealth.

THE LAW OF COMPENSATION. It is a scientific fact that all things work together for good. Every advantage brings with it a corresponding danger, and every disadvantage has linked with it, of necessity, some golden opportunity. The man who cannot hear well can see better. The man who possesses a faculty of spiritual sensitivity which borders on the supernatural, every disaster occurs near the opening doors of a fine city called "Golden Opportunity." The accidental glance of a sharp blade from a grader's wheel ruined one of Gambetta's eyes. This excited the sympathy of some friends who secured for him a college education and thus started him on the path for fame and glory. When Nathaniel Hawthorne was turned out of office by reason of some strange and unexpected political upheaval, his wife touched him on the shoulder and said, "Now is the time to write your book." He wrote the book, and the world is well acquainted with its title—"The Scarlet Letter."

ORIGINALITY. Originality is an excellent thing, but don't be too much original. Use other men's ideas. There are two men: (1) The man who can generate an idea. (2) The man who can apply it and make it a working fact. Shakespeare was not original. He took old plays and dramas, and re-cast them and set them forth into the world bearing the stamp and impress of his own genius. It was said of Benjamin Franklin that he never originated anything. No—he had no gift of originality but he possessed the ability to take a brilliant idea wherever he found it and turn it into a stubborn and aggressive fact. He had a great gift for using other men's ideas. Keep your eyes open. There is no man so obscure but that he may teach you a lesson. Whatever any other man has been able to do you may do. Perhaps you will be able to do it better. In his preface to "Taine" says "I have gathered flowers from everybody's field, and nothing is mine except the string that binds them."

TAKE THINGS AS YOU FIND THEM. Take things as you find them. Cease grumbling about circumstances. Things are as they are. If things do not move—don't. Don't spend your time sweating and tearing your hair out over circumstances which cannot be changed. Diamonds may be found in mud and gold in sand-drifts. There is some good in every place for your present providential location. Accept the inevitable as a problem. Professor James, of Harvard College,

She'd later."

Lord Beaconsfield once said, "It is easier to be critical than correct." He furthermore said that as a rule critics in literature were men who had failed in literature. Grant said, concerning his military critics, that he gave them successes to criticize and not failures, and that no matter what his mistakes might have been, the fact remained that he had succeeded. Lincoln said concerning Grant, "Wherever Grant goes things move." Success is criticism. Fix your goal. Aim at your mark. Hitch your cart to a star. Reach the object of your ambition in harmony with truth and righteousness, and then let men talk.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER. Joseph Jefferson the great actor, said, referring to his daily performances on the stage, "I learn every time I appear on the stage." He never got beyond the learning point. Every new performance brought a fresh revelation of the possibilities of his profession. "I learn something every night." Great men are teachable. They are looking for "points." Moody used to say to his co-evangelists when he met them, "Have you anything new?" Any new illustrations? To be successful business man every item of additional information has a financial value. Knowledge is power. Ignorance is weakness. When Bishop Ames was presiding at a Western conference a certain member arose and indulged in a tirade against colleges, academies, and universities. He "thanked God" that he had not spent an hour wandering through college halls. After proceeding a few moments, the Bishop interrupted him with a question. "Do I understand that the brother thanks God for his ignorance?" "Well, yes," was the answer. "You can put it that way if you want to." "Well, all I have to say," said Bishop Ames in his sweet musical tone, "All I have to say is that the brother has a good deal to thank God for."

GAMBLING. The ambition of many a young man is to get something for nothing—and to get it "quick." A strong propensity exists in the bosom of every man and woman. The thought that other turn in the wheel of fortune may bring some unexpected streak of good luck tinges the brain of even the sensible man. We study the heavens to discover, if possible, the location of our "star of destiny" which shall guide us to the harbor of a permanent prosperity. A thoughtful young man might learn a lesson from the life of Peter Cooper. In his seventeenth year young Cooper came to New York to start life for himself. He had accumulated ten dollars of his own money and thinking to augment it rapidly he invested the entire amount in a lottery ticket. Like many another fool he lost his money—and learned his lesson. He learned that in one respect it was one of the best investments he ever made. He learned not to gamble. He learned that life is a game of skill and not a game of chance. He learned that the laws in the commercial world which, if obeyed intelligently, would bring solid success in their wake. He used to laugh and say that the ten dollar lottery ticket was "the cheapest piece of knowledge he ever bought."

TIME IS MONEY. There are only twenty-four hours in each day. We spend eight in sleeping. We spend six more in eating and dressing and resting. We have about ten hours a day left for life's achievements. Everything depends upon how we invest our working hours. The wife of O. W. Holmes stood guard over the philosopher and protected him from all intruders. We need protection. Why should our friends be permitted to squander our time. Time is money. Time is power. Time is progress. Time is prosperity. Time is a jewel cut out of the heart of eternity. A foreign ambassador who called on Bismarck when he was Chancellor of Germany ventured to ask the Iron Duke what he meant he was able to get so much of his work done. Bismarck replied, "I have learned the value of time."

and pertinacious callers. "O, that is very simple," said Bismarck. "When my wife thinks the conversation too long, she sends upon some urgent pretext, and the callers are obliged to raise the siege. As I am speaking, a servant entered and requested the great Chancellor to grant his wife a few moments' conversation. The ambassador looked embarrassed. The Chancellor was evidently a trifle disconcerted by the irony of the coincidence—but the conversation reached a speedy conclusion. The statesman's time-saving plan worked effectively."

STAYING QUALITIES. Have you good staying qualities? Can you stand a siege? Can you stand punishment? Can you stand a prize-fighter says. Are you built for a long pull? Can you run the gauntlet?

In the old days of Indian warfare they had a strange way of dealing with a young captive. They would allow him to "run the gauntlet" or his life. Leading him to the head of two lines or rows of wild savage Indians, who were not to move an inch from the places assigned to them, the chief of the tribe would say "If you can run through this line of warriors, every one of whom may strike at you as you fly, and yet escape unharmed, you shall have your life and go free." Looking down the long line of armed warriors, every savage holding the upraised hatchet, tomahawk, club, or gleaming knife, and each savage ready to strike a blow at the flying captive as he rushed down the line, he would sometimes refuse to run the gauntlet. The race of life is like running the gauntlet. The question is not "How much can you do?" so much as "How much can you endure?"

LEARN TO LAUGH. There are three forms of exercise which are natural and within the reach of all—Walking, Talking and Laughing. Good walkers are apt to be healthy. Successful public speakers who travel about from place to place delivering the same message, as a rule enjoy splendid digestion, and men who know how to laugh as a rule live longer. Some men laugh three times a day—after each meal he indulged in a spell of laughter. He affirmed that it aided digestion. I believe he was right. Learn to laugh. Abraham Lincoln was very fond of a good story and the ripple of laughter which followed. While the members of his cabinet were gathering he would often regale them with a story or two. On one occasion one of the members of his cabinet arose and protested. "Mr. President," he said "I did not come this morning to hear stories. It is too serious a time for nonsense!" Instantly the smile disappeared from Mr. Lincoln's face. Rising he said "A—sit down! I respect you as an earnest and sincere man. You cannot be more anxious for the country than I am and I tell you now that were it not for this occasional vent I should die."

LUCK. There are those who believe in "luck." The man who achieves success persistently was born under a lucky star, according to their theory.

The stars in their courses fight for him. He is a lucky man. But the men who are familiar with the practical philosophy of the business world know that commercial life is a game of skill and not a game of chance. Things never turn up for the man who waits for them to turn up. They invariably turn down. Rufus Choate was the most distinguished lawyer of his own day and generation. He combined two somewhat opposite characteristics. He possessed the brainy, the bulldog grit and determination in the face of hard work. He knew how to apply himself. One day when a friend remarked to him concerning the achievement of a certain orator on a notable occasion that it was a "lucky hit"—an inspiration. Choate replied "Nonsense. I expect to pick up the 'find'." "Genius," he has said, "is one-tenth inspiration and nine-tenths perspiration." There is a certain law of chance at work in the universe, but it favors the man who stands at the head of the procession. For this reason humanity has coined the proverb "It is success to succeed," and for this same reason we find in Scripture such a statement as this "Unto him that hath shall be given." A careful review of history would reveal the fact that many of the great military heroes who turned the stream of history from its usual course, were not so much men of superior gifts and talents as men who absolutely refused to surrender who fought on in spite of defeat and repulse and disaster. They were men who wore the enemy out by their persistence.

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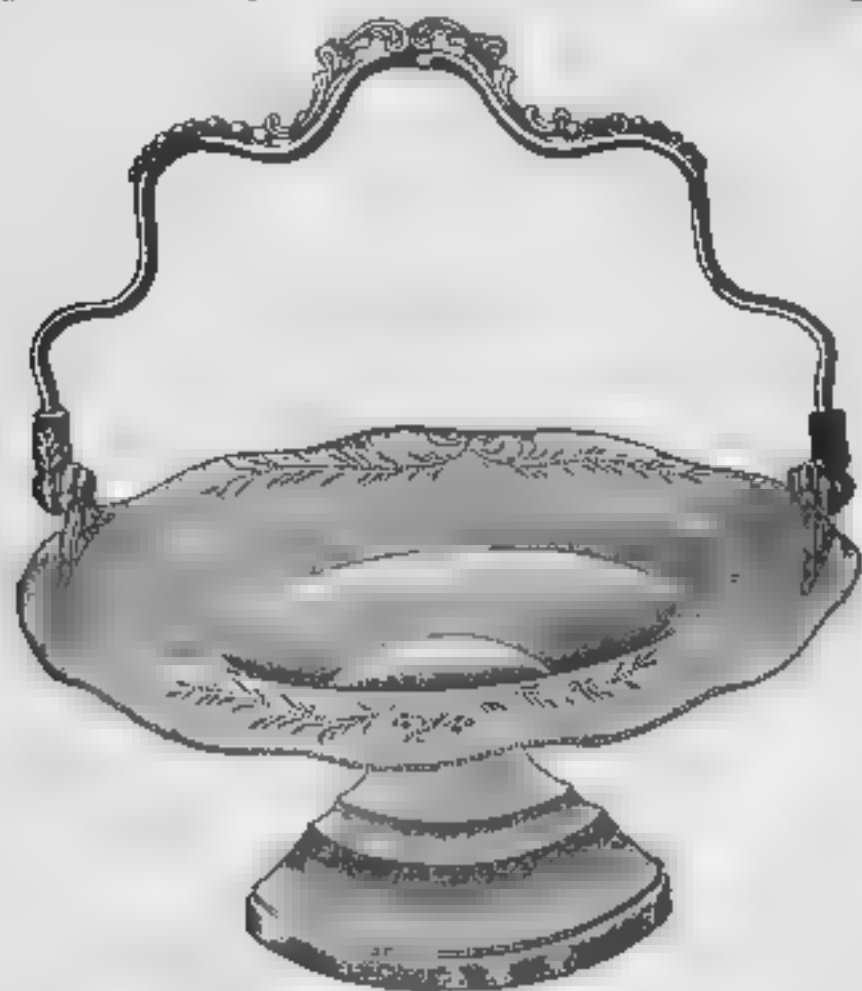
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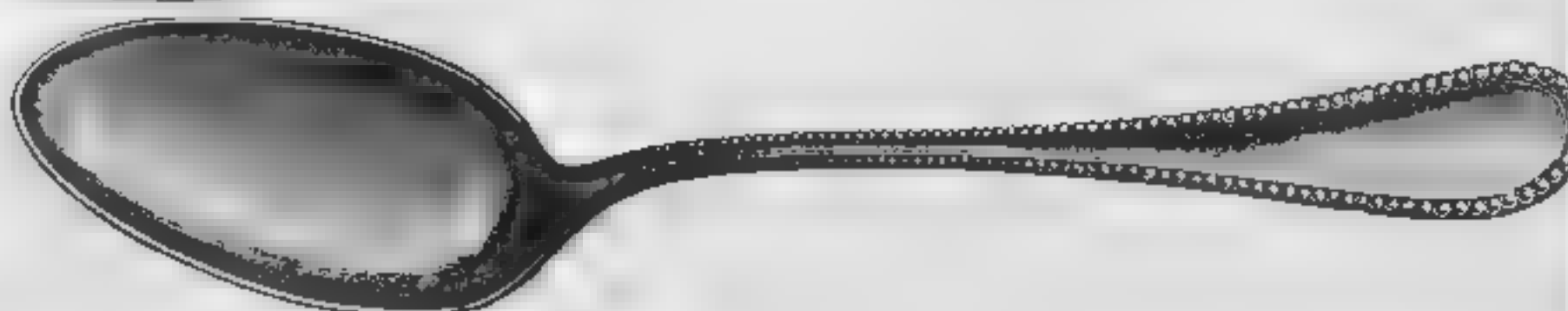
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What the World is Saying



The Winner of the Marathon Race.

The winning of the Marathon race is an event which all Canadians should rejoice. It was a notable victory, and the cry that gave Sherring birth is pardonably proud. Sherring belongs to the St. Patrick Athletic Club of Hanover, and was born in that city Sept. 19th, 1878. Weekly Globe says:

His first prominence was achieved in 1897, when he finished third in The Herald race. The next year he was fourth. Jack Caffery winning on occasions. In 1899 he turned he tables on Caffery, who was second. In 1900 he was second to Caffery in the Boston Marathon race, and was also beaten by Caffery in The Herald race. In the Boston race Sherring gave a remarkable exhibition of his perseverance. He was in the lead for eighteen miles but apparently shot his bolt for he fell in a semi-conscious condition on the roadside, and five men paid him, but he was not yet beaten. He got to his feet again, he finished second to Caffery. During the next two years he did not start in many important races, though he won a twenty mile race at Guelph in 1901. In 1903 he won The Herald race again. Sherring is a brave man on the Grand Trunk Railway.

Earl Grey on the United States and Canada.

A recent notable pronouncement was made by Earl Grey at the dinner given him by the citizens of the United States in New York. Among other topics he discussed the idea as an impossibility. He looked for good fellowship and commercial relationship between the two countries. Continuing he said:

Just as Canada is proud to think that two million eight hundred thousand of her sons are bringing vigor and strength to your republic. I feel sure that you will be pleased that an increasing flow of your people to the Dominion will, by the addition of the character, experience and energy which they will bring to our country, contribute to its greatness.

There are several questions outstanding between the Dominion of Canada and the United States which have been left open too long, and which call for settlement.

Both governments desire to take advantage of the opportunity which the present feeling of amity between the two countries affords, and I am persuaded that the people on both sides will be glad when their respective governments have given effect to their desires.

Some Diet Deceptions.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson has been dealing out so-called pious blows to the food faddists. He scoffs at their cherished opinions, and rides with a Roosevelt disdain over the convictions of the diet reformer. In McClure's for April he says:

When it comes to practice, philosophers, reformers, and doctors alike have as much influence here as they have on conduct in other realms—and that is next to none at all. The man in the street follows his God-given instincts and proceeds peacefully on his three square meals a day, consisting of anything he can find in the market, and just as much of it as he can afford, with special preference for rich meats, fats and sugars. Here, everywhere, instinct is far superior to reason, and a breakfast diet of sausage and buckwheat cakes with maple syrup and strong coffee has carried the white man half round the world, while one of salads and cereals, washed down with a post-prandial subterfuge, would leave him stranded, gasping in the first ditch he came to. All the basal problems of dietetics were, by the mercy of heaven, settled long ago

in the farmhouse kitchen, in the camp, in the department of the army in the field, in the cook-house, in the laboratory, and in the laboratory.

Theology and Modern Life.

Principal Fairbairn is one of the leading figures in the theological world. He has recently addressed the students of the Baptist Theological College of Scotland, and his remarks are so fresh and incisive that they come as a message to theologians of all lands. The British Weekly reports the address:—

His subject was "The Function of Theology and the Theological College in Modern Life." The address, it need scarcely be said, was able and comprehensive, and it sparked throughout with fine sentences and happy definitions. "No bad man cannot worship. No bad man ever worshipped a good God." "The power of an idea is its fusiveness—and that is its attractiveness too." "God and man in their mutual search create religion, and that is applied theology." "No man can be a theologian who is not a philologist." "He who is no grammarian is no divine." "Words? Words are deeds!"

No man is so carbonized as he who is always looking up and never looking out. "The thing a man can do is to persuade men." "He who hurries into the ministry ought with a speed to hurry out of it." "We don't want religious and profligate piety in our colleges." "Who are so gloriously proud that they say 'No'." "We could send better preachers to our colleges if the churches sent us better." "Pure theology is inquiry into the nature of God." "The audience were Professor Orr and a number of Presbyterian and Congregational ministers."

The Age Limit of Inebriety.

If a man has not indulged in alcohol to excess before the age of 25 he is not likely to do so at all, so says a writer in American Medicine, basing his conclusions on the investigations of Dr. Charles L. Dana. Inebriety usually sets in before the age of 20, and few begin to drink to excess after arriving at 30. We read:

Dana stated that no cases arise after 40 years of age. There is a popular idea, no doubt, that numerous cases do arise after 40, but it is not at all unlikely that investigation into their histories will bring to light a long series of occasional over-indulgence with some symptoms dating back to childhood. Dana evidently refers to real inebriety in youth, and not to the lapses which so many young men wrongly assume to be a part of their education, nor does he assert that all youthful inebriates are incurable, but merely that old cases began at an early age. Wild oats must be reaped in sorrow and pain, but they do not necessarily choke the whole crop of good seed. These statistics are of such profound significance that it is quite remarkably have elicited little comment and have not been made the basis of practical measures for the prevention of drunkenness.

Beauty and the Shade Tree.

This is the season of the year when Western cities should give some attention to the planting of shade trees. But we are so busy making money that the cultivation of beauty finds little place with us. The Free Press is doing a public service in repeatedly calling attention to this defect in our otherwise pretty cities.

Tree planting is only one of the many ways of beautifying a city. In all of them this class of work requires competent supervision, otherwise the results will be indifferent and disappointing. Little has yet been done in this direction by Western Canadian cities. We need a broader recognition of the truth that the

aspect of a city is a proper subject for municipal regulation. The incorporation of the principle in a city charter implies that the municipality has the right to supervise, in relation to its appearance, not only the work done by itself, but also the work done in it by individuals or corporations. This, indeed, is distinctly expressed in the laws of many cities with regard to certain details.

The Awakening of China.

China, the sleeping giant, has been aroused from her sleep by the touch of modern progress. During the next five years forty students a year will be sent from China, partly to British and partly to American colleges. This is the beginning of a movement which may have important commercial results. The Toronto Globe says:—

Owing to their respective geographical positions, China and Canada are sure to have intimate trade relations with each other. It is extremely desirable that in the interest of this country its present favorable position should not be prejudiced. The Chinese people who come to Canada are pleased with it, because they are humanely treated and are able to make a good living. Private benevolence and voluntary work have done much for the elementary education of the Chinese toilers in this and other Canadian cities, and the people of Canada are able to do quite as well for Chinese students as either Great Britain or the United States can do. The subject should be taken up by the Dominion Government with a view to ascertaining whether anything may be accomplished in this direction.

The Trend of Party Politics.

The philosophic historian views with general joy the trend of party politics to-day. The tendency is towards union. The lines of demarcation are fast fading from the sight of the most open-eyed politician, and the time is not far distant when there will be less party spirit and more politics. Goldwin Smith gives expression to the following:—

The Ontario Legislature ends a busy and fruitful session. At the last election a great number of errors came out of party to vote for honest government. There seems reason to hope that they got it. What but honest government do we in this province want? What in the name of common sense is there to keep us divided into two hostile parties, waging a perpetual war of intrigue and abuse against each other? The franchise has been reduced as low as possible, and no other difference of general and speculative opinion can be named. Conservatism and Liberalism, as contrasted policies, have lost their meaning. All the questions that come before our Legislature, however important in their way are questions, not of political principle, but of practical administration. We have got into the path of reason, let us keep it, and draw others into it if we can.

The Retirement of President London.

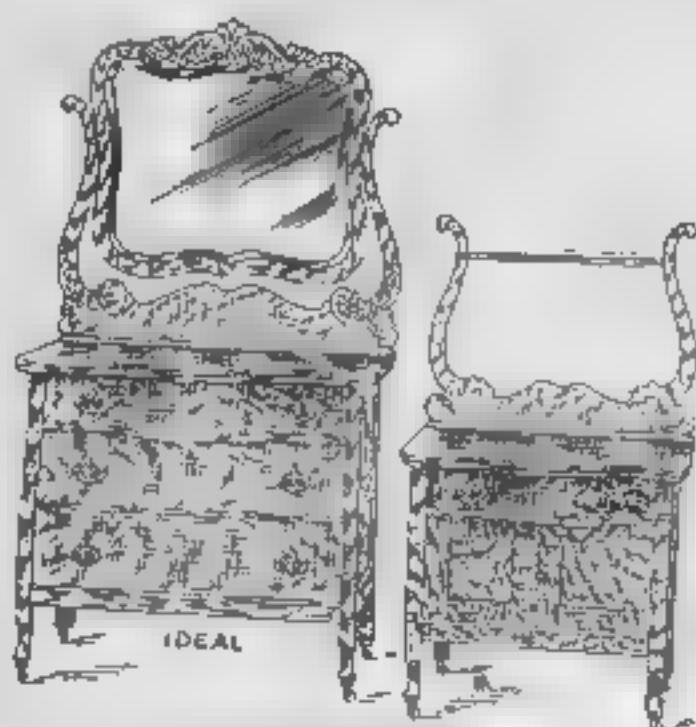
Many graduates of Toronto University residing in the West will be sorry to hear that President London has decided to retire. He has for many years stood as one of the great educational forces, not only of Ontario, but of the Dominion. The Toronto News says:

Professor London became president of the University on the death of Sir Daniel Wilson in 1892. His regime has been marked by great changes and growth in the University. From less than 1000 students the attendance has reached 2,540 this year. In buildings there has been a great expansion, including the erection of the new medical building, the University chemistry building, the University gymnasium, the Convocation Hall, while schemes with which he was connected, to erect a new physics building, residences and other buildings, are to be carried out under the provisions of the University Bill. The establishment of a system of post graduate research in the University is considered by many to be among his highest services, as it does much to give the University a national character. He also reformed the system of examinations, making them vastly more efficient and succeeded in effecting a decided improvement in the teaching staff of the University.

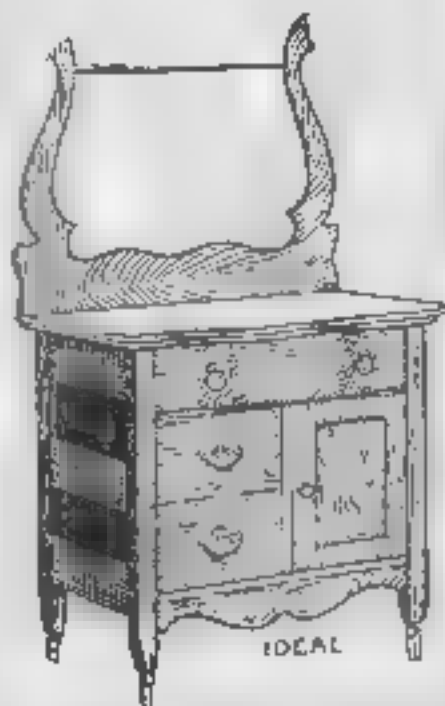
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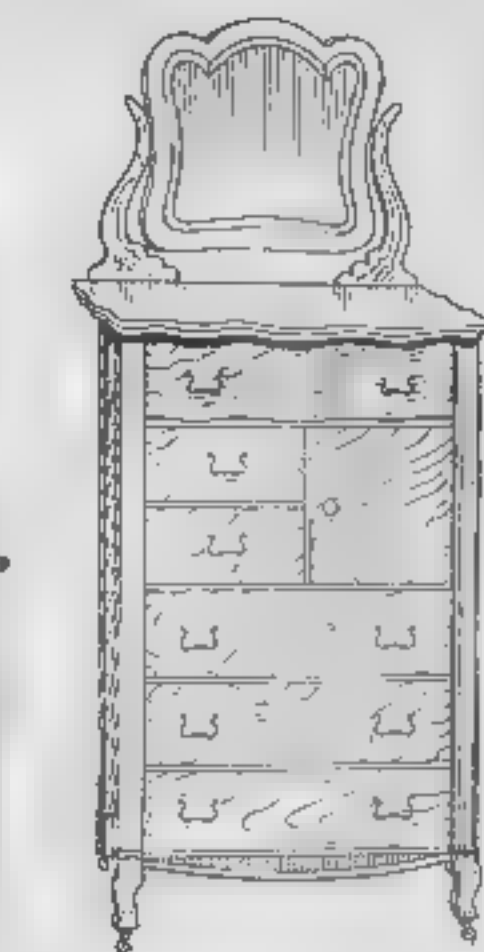
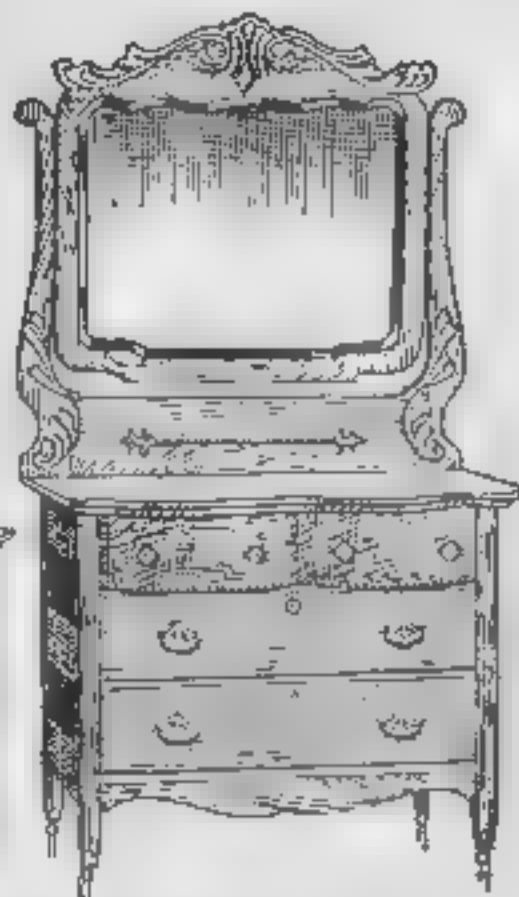
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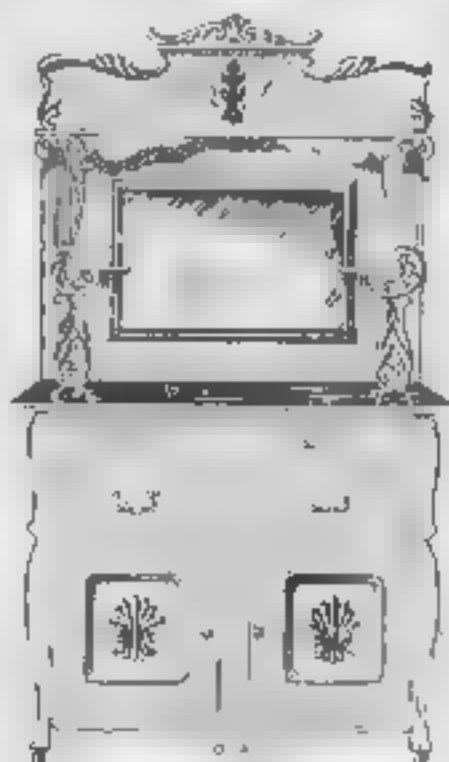
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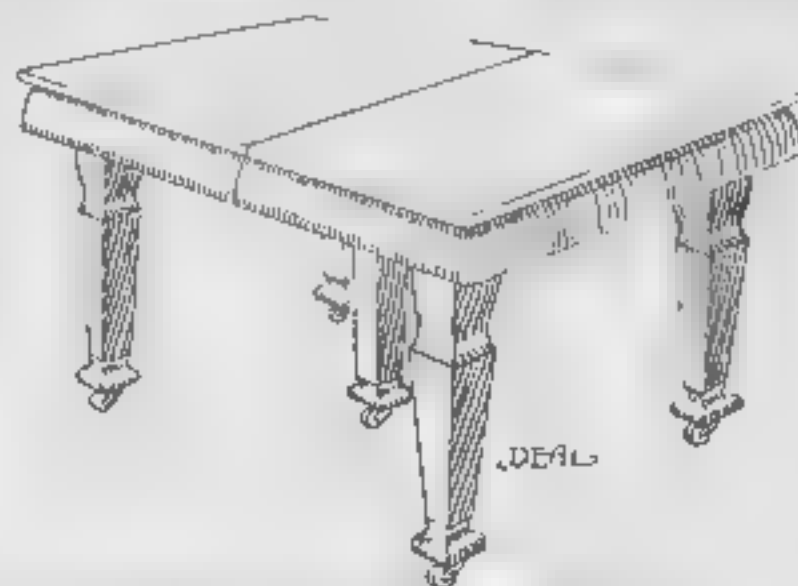
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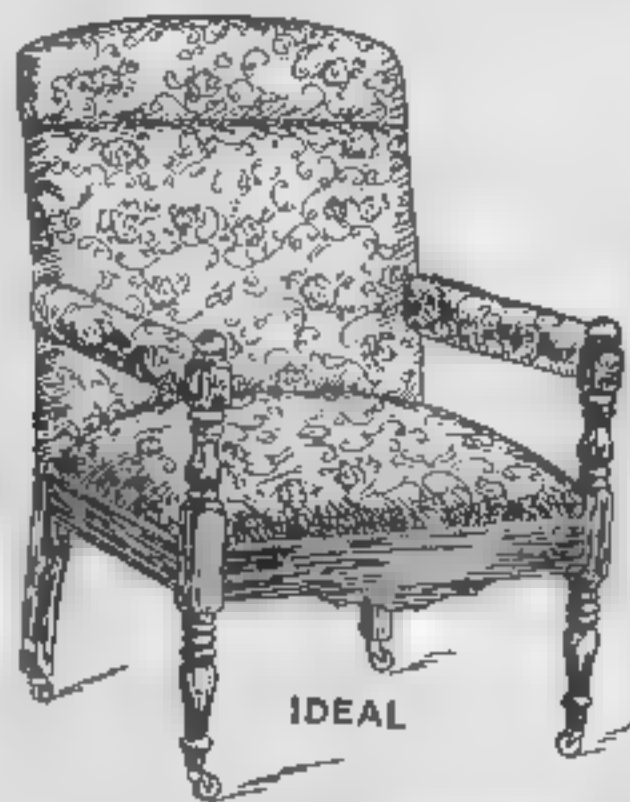
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THE PHILOSOPHER

Time was when prophets foretold that the world would come to an end by the process of starvation. The earth could not yield enough to satisfy the stomachs of her vast and increasing populations. They were prophets without vision. They had not figured on "Race Suicide."

THE DECLINING BIRTH RATE.

The fact is that the birth-rate of almost every European and American country is declining. The Free Press editorial, has got the matter down. A comparison extending over thirty-five years in England. The position of England in this

number of the Journal of the Statistical

is made up in a table comparing the rates in a number of countries in the years 1880-1 and 1904 respectively. During this period the decline in England and Wales was 18 per cent and in Scotland 15, but as a set off there was an actual increase of 3 per cent in Ireland, which stands alone among European countries in this respect. The decrease in the German Empire was 12 per cent, and in Hamburg and Berlin less than 27 and 34 per cent respectively. So far the fear is that the world will be a barren waste. Countries that were once civilized will await the coming of another Columbus to discover them.

There are elements in the mental make-up of Andrew Carnegie which place him among statesmen and philosophers. The making of steel made the man Carnegie made money, but he made manhood as well. It is to the everlasting credit of him that he and his money stand for righteousness.

ANDREW CARNEGIE THE CANADIAN PROPHET.

The benefactions of the millionaire never appreciated these days. There is a kind of unexpressed feeling that he ought to give back to the public what he first received from them. Carnegie is doing this, but he is giving more than money. He has true aims and ideals which he preaches on every fitting occasion. One of these ideas is a universal peace. Recently at the Canadian Club, Toronto, he wished ambitious rulers of the world—emperors, kings and strenuous presidents—would read history and learn that monster wars never lead to peace, but always tempt to war. "How oft the means to do ill deeds make ill deeds done." If your proceedings of to-morrow be cabled, I trust his Majesty's attention will be attracted to this fact that his powerful influence may be exerted in behalf of his Prime Minister's recent appeal for a League of Peace among the nations which will follow our example in Canada and America, and insure the total exclusion of battleships from the high seas as exclude them on our inland seas, bringing nearer the permanent peace of the world.

Claudius Clear, in the British Weekly, has been collecting the sayings of eminent men about the subtle art of success. The article is interesting in that even great men—successes themselves—do not all agree as to what the secret is. Lord Palmerston said it down as a rule that the whole secret of success was in taking pains. Disraeli said, every man had his opportunity and in the preparing for that opportunity lies the art of getting on. Sir J. Packington held that a loud judge what he was fit for.

SOME SECRETS OF SUCCESS

On the whole competent observers offer you the best. Dr. Emil Reich who is at present starring before the fashionable of London drawing rooms as a lecturer says some things

truths. The moral doctor goes on to say, here are two ways of succeeding: first by merit and next by

Some people are born with a great

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speaking the consensus of opinion is with Dr. Reich, that very few people can be conspicuously successful in life.

It looks as though that the Royal North-West Mounted Police. The advance of civilization calls for a change. We are sorry if we are part of Canada—part of our great West.

THE PASSING OF THE MOUNTED POLICE.

It is in the growth of our country that the Royal North-West Mounted Police were organized in the year 1873. Since then their history is a record of

Their calling is a sympathy and

The work they have done is a strong evidence of their efficiency. A report recently issued says that out of 4,647 cases entered convictions were secured in 3,641. Among the year's convictions were 78 for supplying liquor to the Indians, 138 for setting out prairie fires, and 34 for horse stealing. This report is too modest to say nothing of dangerous journeys, of the

criminals. It is simply a mass of We hope that the day may be far distant when this splendid body of men shall find a place in the police forces of the West.

Rumors have been in existence for some time

Director of Immigration in Great Britain Alfred Jary, local agent at Liverpool.

Publication of these reports was supplied in a return

and before Pa

IMMIGRATION OFFICIALS. week. In

ter in which Mr. Preston charges not only Mr. Jary, but Mr. Griffith, and Thos. Duncan (the latter is not now in the service) with charging

as fares while traveling. In one of the letters from Jary in the report, it is stated that aware of what was being done

ference between Jary's pocket, but was to recoup himself in keeping on terms of good

friendship with steamship agents and revenue stressed Canadians. In another letter, written

to draw from. By the way, I see the Auditor-General's report that it is a

and so on. Do not know if there are

have arrived at Ottawa by order of the govern

a fuller exposure of the trouble will take place in a few days

Halifax has been giving a practical proof of

of Halifax, the ministers of the different Protestant denominations attended in a

body as a mark of the great and general respect which the popular Arch

PRACTICAL CHURCH UNION

the Roman Catholic clergy walked in the procession to the door of St. Paul's Anglican

is founded on a

The Roman Catholic clergy

were true to a principle which they have always adhered to—they do not enter Protestant churches. We must not expect that principles can be obliterated all at once. The action of so many bodies of clergy was admirable and Christian, and is the proverbial straw which shows the way the theological wind is blowing.

It is seldom that any Socialist book has caused such a sensation as Mr. Sinclair's *Jungle*. The story is of the Chicago stockyards, a story not poetic. It reeks of slaughter, and the making of lard and sausages. But he has transformed the area of the stockyards and the "killing business" into an arena for the worst kind of despotism, and the killing of men as well as cattle. The conditions are describable. He has aroused the Republic, and the government has appointed a committee of investigation. Yet Mr. Sinclair carries the ball has not been told. He courts an investigation into the charges made. He also quotes from the affidavit of a former superintendent of P. D. Armour's as follows:—

Whenever a beef got past the yard inspectors with a case of lumpy jaw and came into the slaughter-house or the 'king-bed,' I was authorized by Mr. Pierce to take his head off, thus removing the evidences of lumpy jaw, and after casting the smitten portions into the tank where refuse goes, to send the rest of the carcass on its way to market. In cases where tuberculosis became evident to the men who were skinning the cattle, I was their duty on instructions from Mr. Pierce communicated to them through me, at once to remove the tubercles and cast them into a trap-door provided for that purpose. I have seen as much as forty pounds of flesh afflicted with gangrene cut from the carcass of a beef in order that the rest of the animal might be utilized in trade. These are a few samples of what "The Jungle" contains.

1. The clergy shall be the first to set an example of the ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESI ON TEMPERANCE.

Consequently in the presbyteries and religious communities or the occasion of pastoral visits, of gatherings for retreats and missions, of visits from priests or laymen, before or after meals, no alcoholic liquors shall be taken.

2. Families are urged to use alcoholic liquors only in case of necessity, and upon the doctor's order.

3. Young men and fathers are implored "not to enter saloons and barrooms except for serious reasons, not to drink intoxicating liquors, and especially to give up the, alas, too common practice of 'treating.'"

4. The priests, the principals of colleges and teachers in general are requested to often refer to intemperance in the classrooms, and to adopt all possible means to inspire the pupils with horror for that vice.

5. It is ordered that in all parishes work be commenced at once to establish temperance leagues or societies.

6. The practice of temperance is particularly entrusted to the Franciscans, and the pastors are instructed to invite them to preach to their parishioners.

7. Temperance societies are to be founded in the college and university.

A great man has recently said that the pessimism of Carlyle and others of that ilk was due to eye-strain. This is pathos. We are sorry for Carlyle. We thought it was personality. The general crankiness and cussedness of the Chelsea Sage we thought were

EYE-STRAIN AND LITERARY REPUTATIONS.

separable from the man, a part of his extraordinary make-up. Other great men are classed in the same category. Voltaire is one. We thought his trouble was Athetosis, but we learn now it was eye-strain. Such a simple and unheroic disease! So commonplace! So usual! Eye-strain is the graveyard of literary reputations. That fine, crusty grumpiness which made those old literary lights so picturesque, and gave them the worship of adoring multitudes, was an exaggerated form of eye-strain. It got some of them a place in Westminster Abbey even, it brought some of them fortunes, it made all of them notable. If there had been eye-strain, we should not have had a Dr. Johnson, or a Boswell to write his history. Somehow we are rather glad there were few if any opticians in those days of the giants, and that the terrible disease—eye-strain—could get in its nefarious work. Could lash tickle and irritate its victim to such an extent that he wrote in furies and storms. That he raved, fumed, stamped and roared, till men listened to his thunder.

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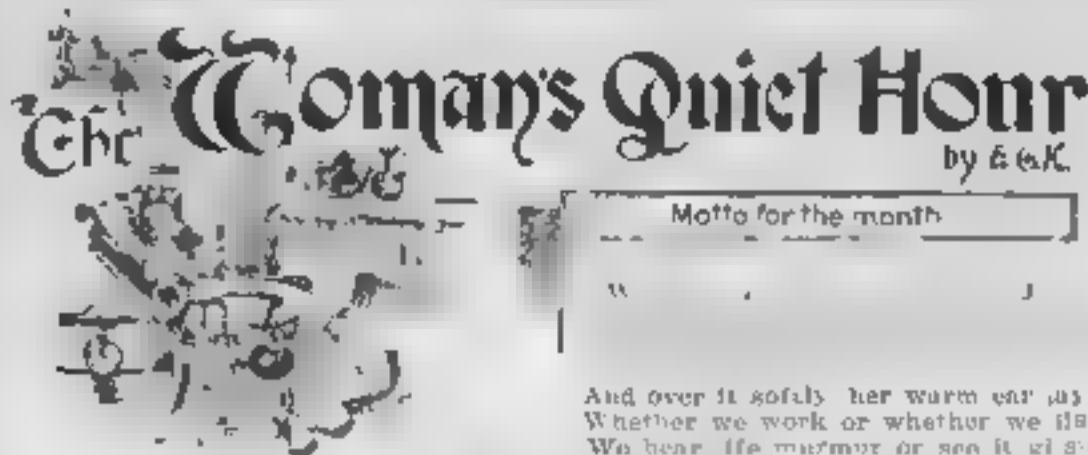
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WINNIPEG - MAN.



June Brides.

June so well. It is no wonder that girls love to choose this month for

the joyousness of the occasion.

June is ever more June weddings is in order that the editor may extend to June bride that reads the warmest wishes for her

Banff for Houdays. Since the May copy went to press I have had the opportunity of

my heart the ambition after how distant the name a month that

and listen to the wind that

the press, and you will come back new women with

Thanks ahead me

The boy

able figure to the prairie to sit on the mountain and gaze for will be almost all the first week at least. The feeling of

why little things jarred and fretted you before you came. The quiet is

for a time

down the mountain pass. A slender castle air. Whisper together in the distance you hear the snows. This to be

wind in and out

rest, have a week of real pleasure and

not too diffi

and a dose of Banff to a panacea for all your pains

The Horse Show. The second round horse show is on as I write, and I dropped every

And over it softly her warm ear lay. Whether we work or whether we play. We hear the murmur or see it in sleep. A star of me

en able to deny extent, and with the Wear every day

beauties, indeed, if I may be permitted. was more real aristocracy in the ring than on the pencil. The number of ladies attending and was small but the character of their work was very superior

all the women riding cross. It begins to look as if the Show was creating a greater interest in horseback riding both in men and Winnipeg's riders

her own if she only with fathers would

very similar to the truth, however, that will bear reflection

Come to the Fair. Plan to come to the exhibition. It grows more educative year by year and 1906 promises to be the best ever along that line. Then the children growing boys and girls should have both father and mother along with

dispirited, exhausted, most vigils in that youngsters

someone say why the Express not until July? Of course, if you want to come in early it may not be a moment too soon to plan to come

one more hint. If the boys and girls are exhibiting anything, no matter how small see to it that the

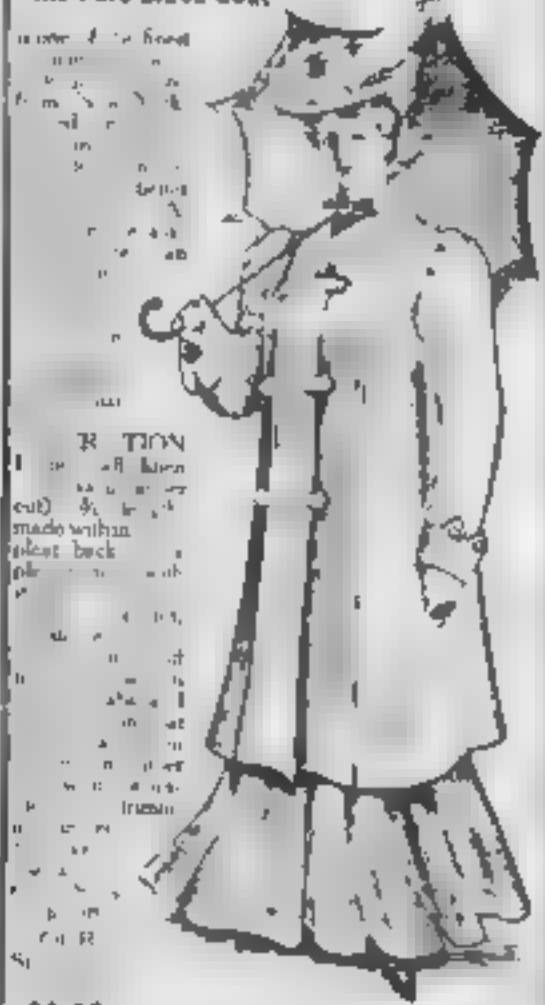
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prize for neat sewing, or Jack for a pair of bantams, it is so much more satisfactory to see the honor announced in their own names rather than in that of their father. Father is so busy about big stock and wheat entries that he does not discriminate about, what to him, are trifles, but they are not trifles to the boys and girls. Mothers, just make it your business to see that the entries are properly made. And while you are at it, if you are exhibiting butter or bread, jam or fancy work, see that it goes in in your own name. You owe this to the general credit of the women workers of the province.

Woman's Press

There is to be the third annual meeting of the Woman's Press Club of Canada in Winnipeg in the early days of June. This club was formed at the one of the St. Louis Exhibition when the C. P. R. kindly gave a number of representative Canadian newspaper women a free trip to that great city. The club is open to any woman who is in receipt of a regular salary for writing for a newspaper or magazine, or who is a syndicate writer. It is desirable that every woman so employed in Canada should be enrolled. The fee is a one being only \$2. per year, and membership brings with it not only the opportunity of meeting other women engaged in the same line of work, but opens up the possibility of transportation to and from the annual meetings, which will be held from time to time in different sections of the Dominion. The railway companies are showing commendable zeal and liberality in the matter, recognizing that newspaper women moving from point to point in that way are excellent advertising and immigration agents.

Any woman engaged regularly on a local paper in the West who wants to join should write the secretary, Mrs. Kate Hayes, Room 3, Press Building, for all particulars.

Among those who will attend the east will be the Dr. Coleman, "Kat" of the Mail and Empire, who is one of the best known women newspaper writers in Canada. Jean Brewster, whose verse is familiar to us all, and Agnes Dear Cameron, who has earned the title of the Dickens of the Pacific coast. Winnipeg contingent is devising ways and means of entertaining the visiting sisters in a suitable manner, and the outlook at present is for a most enjoyable and profitable gathering.

As Others See Us.

One of the great life in the West is the opportunity it gives for both men and women to advance and to rise above any disadvantages of early education and environment to positions of trust and importance. Nowhere is this more frequently demonstrated than in our local legislatures. The man who homesteaded with a yoke of oxen for his sole outfit five years ago is being returned as member of parliament.

He is one of the most substantial men of his district and his preference is reasonable that a man who has made such a sacrifice of his own business will do so.

the country. He may be rough and ready, but it is surprising how soon he gets the edges rubbed off in his contact with other men.

Two or three sessions and you find him smiling down from the height of his suzerainty or attainment on the gaucheries of the new member for a new district. If he be a married man, however, the chances are against his wife assimilating her new honors either as readily or as gracefully as her husband. It is during these days of schools

in a corner, of cheap literature or a good class, that so many women from rural districts are so slow to keep up with the march of progress and fit themselves to keep pace with ambitious husbands. During the past year, in a trip through the country a friend of mine stopped for a day or two at a hotel in the town where one of the new legislators

was in session—you may guess which. At the same hotel were two or three other men, some four or five of the same ilk. One wet afternoon she sauntered in to the public sitting room and sat down with a piece of fancy work, waiting to make friends with any woman who came along. In the room were the five women referred to, and one woman who seemed to be their guest for the afternoon. Fond of studying types, she had an

of those good dames who have done credit to the early Victorian era. It so happened that

circumstances had been furnished her the previous evening by a local scribe, and this lent point to the

like this Mrs. A—"No, I don't care

lectua " N.B.—She had been at a

most time in the city. The admiring guest—"Oh, I would be frightened to death, but of course ladies in public life, like you are must get used to such things." Mrs. A (with a giggle) "Oh, I didn't have to get used to them." Mrs. B (ridiculing and looking very conscious

I suppose you will all laugh at me, but I never tasted champagne in my life until the banquet last week. Do you know I was so vexed, I did not know what it was and I did not care for the taste, it was kind of soapy. When we got out my husband asked me how I liked the champagne, and just wasn't I mad. Why if I had a known it was champagne just wouldn't I have tasted it more carefully to find out what it was really like? Mrs. C—"Well I don't like champagne, but I just love

a big sweet tea that's the thing I like." (She also had made her bow at her first tea the previous week and had been afraid to open her mouth she was so nervous.) On these times the conversation drifted for hours. Books, music and such things were never mentioned. Fancy work came in for a share of attention, and Mrs. F said—I am not selfish, I just know I am not so selfish, but I cannot bring myself to articles and give them to friends. I like to keep all I make."

Could anything have been more banal than such talk in a public parlor. All these women evidently thought that they

Such posing showed vulgar minds, an innate lack of good breeding and good feeling. Why oh why will women make such spectacles of themselves. Why cannot they take a position simply, and when they talk

hotel parlors confine their attention to impersonal topics. The women of the town were trying to make the members' wives have a good time, but they were a so

with a lighter at their side attempts at style. No one expects the woman from the farm to be familiar with big kettledrums or formal dinners. It is a matter of daily life, and it is a matter of daily life.

have learned better the conversations of that and similar afternoons will rise up in judgment against them.

The New Breakfast Food.

Meat of wheat, the new Canadian Breakfast Food, made in Winnipeg, is the best Manitoba No. 1 Hard meeting with popular favor everywhere. It is said that connoisseurs pronounce it superior by every test to any other breakfast food now on the market.

The trade in general have taken right hold of it, and meat of wheat now holds a prominent place in every up-to-date grocery store in this country.

It is wholly a Western product and is deserving of favorable consideration at the hands of Western people.

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Boys Tweed Knickers, sent post paid to any address, per pair 50c

This June bargain is well worth sending for. Boys knickers, strongly made of good quality Canadian Tweeds, in light and dark, mix colors, through, sizes 22 to 30, regularly at 75c per pair offered this month sent to any address for per pair 50c.

35c. Japan Wash Silks, sent to any address for, per yard 27c

This is an opportunity to buy these good wearing and washable silks at a very low price. A nice weight for dresses and women's wash shirts. No matter where you go you'll find these silks being sold at 35c. Send to us for these during June, per yard 27c.

Two Specials in Men's Hose, sent post paid to any address ^{on receipt of price}

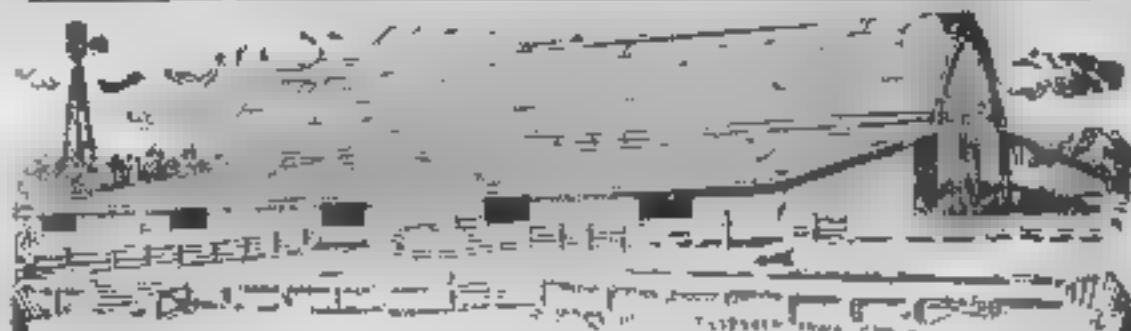
No. 1—Pure wool, black, seamless feet, ribbed top, guaranteed fast color. They are good value at 35c. June special pair 25c.

No. 2—Men's cotton socks, brown and blue, white heel and toe, ribbed top, a superior article and a good bargain at the June price, 2 pairs 25c.

Women's Ribbed Cashmere Hose, Regular 35c, June Price 27c per pair

Getting these stockings at this price, it will pay you to lay in a good stock of them. They are made in England, which guarantees that the dyes are fast and the yarns good quality. Sizes 8 1/2, 9, 9 1/2, made in 4-1 good value at 35c. pair 27c. June price, per pair 27c.

35 Women's Rib Coats, regular \$3.00, \$2.00 each \$5.00, Sizes 32 to 38. Funs and Grays. The reason for such a reduction is the sleeves are big at the cuff instead of the shoulders, in every other way they are equal.



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The above illustration shows a large Stock Barn covered with Paroid. In spite of cheap imitations it grows in popularity, because every one who uses it finds it economical, extra strong, durable and thoroughly satisfactory. Get Paroid; make no mistake.

Light slate color; contains no tar; does not crack or run; does not taint rain water, keeps buildings dry and warm, looks well, lasts long, spark, water, cold, heat, smoke and gas proof. That's why it is so popular.

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DOMINION Organ, 11 stops, black case, 6 octaves, ..	\$80.00
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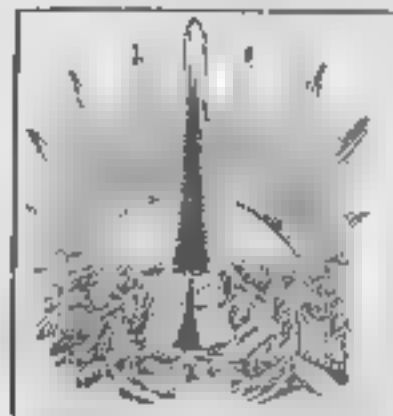
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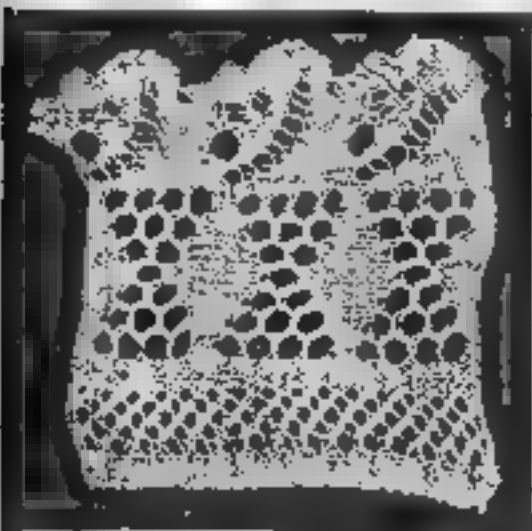
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Notwithstanding in billing the orders, everything went as selected. The mail order customer receives if possible more careful attention than the one who visits the store personally.

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13. Knit 4, over, narrow, 3 in
knit 3, narrow over twice, narrow
knit 4, narrow, over twice, narrow,
knit 8, over, narrow, knit 5.
14. Like 6th row
15. Knit 5, (over, narrow) twice
knit 4, narrow, over twice, narrow
knit 8, narrow, over twice, narrow
knit 4, over, narrow, knit 4.
16. Knit 3, purl 1 knit 11, purl 1
knit 4, (over narrow) 8 times,
knit 4, over, narrow, knit 3.
17. Knit p.p.m.
18. Knit 5, (over narrow) twice,
knit 3.
19. Knit 6, slip 5 stitches over the
6th on right-hand needle, narrow, knit
rest plain.
Repeat from 1st row.

To make the insertion to match this
lace omit the shell scallop and make
a row of 11 stitches on both sides
of the hole. The figure is an in-
dication of knitting the insertion
from the directions for the lace. I will
gladly send sample and directions for
it. In knitting cotton, the insert or
makes a very effective stripe or
counterpane or tidy.



HONEYCOMB LACE

A MAY FESTIVAL

The Cincinnati Event and One of Its
Imitators.

Musical messengers take a great
deal of interest in the May Festival
which will begin in Cincinnati in the
course of a few weeks. Since the early
days of Thomas the festival
has been noted in the musical history of
this country and as this is the first
time the festival will be assumed by
Frank Van der Burgh, the results of
financial and artistic value will be
with the keenest interest. But there is
another May Festival on the continent.
Not so important perhaps, but a great
attention. This festival is held at
Wolfville, N.S., under the direction of
Mr. George Frost, M.A., of the Free-
music in Acadia Seminary. The character
of the programme shows that a really
choral work to be done will be extremely
interesting, and in view of the fact that
the festival is in its beginnings, its edu-
cative value may be even greater than the
ordinary person might imagine. Mr.
Maxwell's position as a musician is well
known. His work at the Wolfville
Seminary has resulted in building up the
music department, and his European
study added greatly to his standing.
His opinions on musical matters are
worthy of attention and therefore spec-
ial interest will attach to his report from
the firm of Messrs. Wm. & J. G. Lamb,
Toronto, here reproduced: "Gentlemen,
I have carefully examined and tested
the Gourlay piano, style 7, in our chapel
and take pleasure in commending it as a
most excellent instrument. The Gourlay
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other pianos of Canadian manufacture
and compares very favourably with the
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anywhere.

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thought.
The mind has power to keep the
body strong and healthy, and to pre-
serve life.
Success is a health tonic, while fail-
ure is a poison.
Rest is a health tonic, while over-
work is a poison.
and more agreeable to the taste. You
can do better for your family by
resting yourself. An over-tired
mother cannot make sunshine in her
home.

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WORTH THE
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Gourlay Pianos

Gourlay Pianos can be Depended Upon at all Times.

If you possess a GOURLAY Piano there is no need to send for a tuner whenever you expect company, nor apologize for your piano's short-comings when a friend sits down to play.

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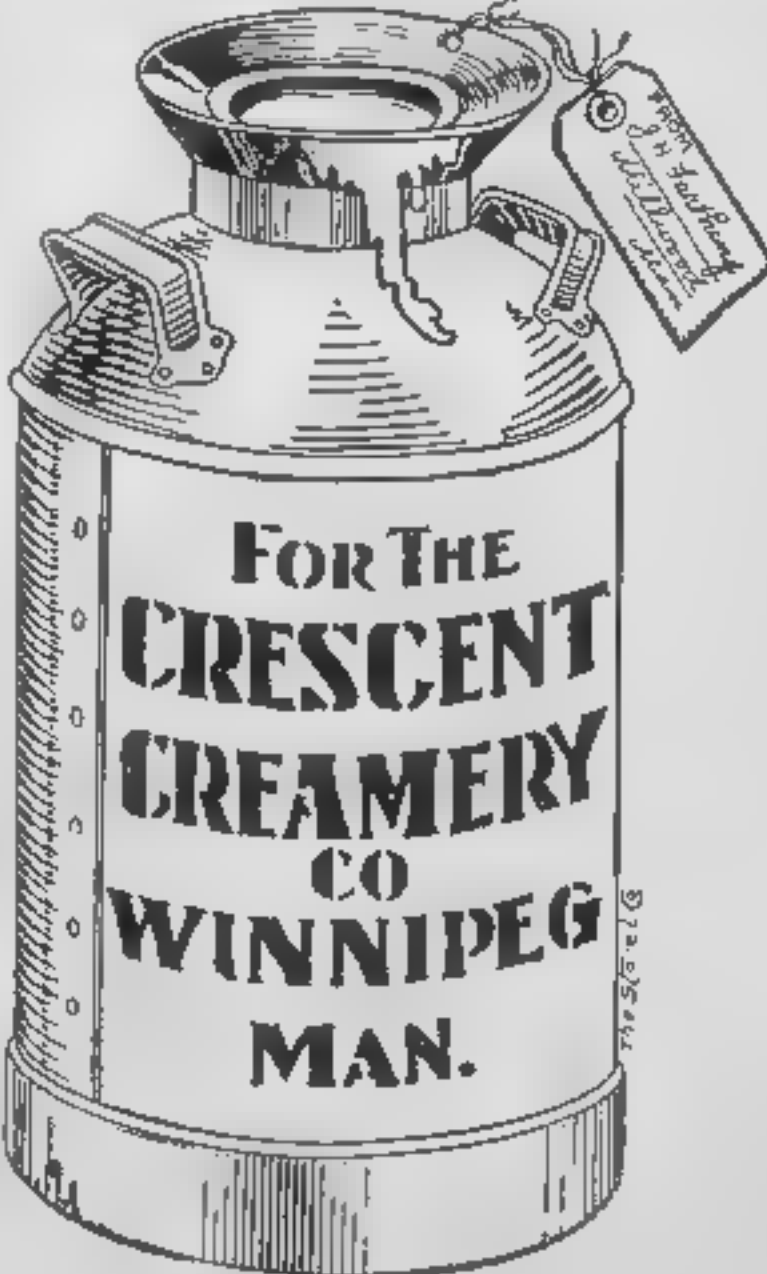
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It is the ideal laxative and tonic to purify the blood—regulate stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels—and build up the system.

25c. and 60c. a bottle.

Abbey's

Effer- vescent Salt

Health is more important than business, yet it gets far less attention.

COWAN'S

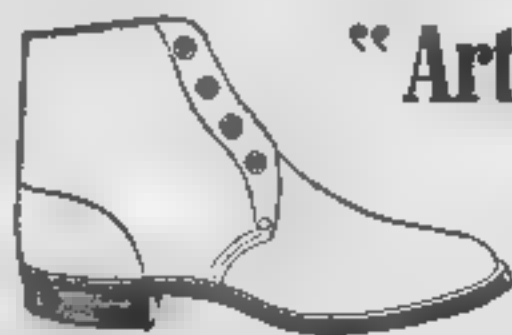
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For factory work—farm work—rough work of any kind—"ARTISAN" Shoes wear longest and easiest.

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The housewife views with failing

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The duties of the housekeeper, like those of the journalist, demand a knowledge of many subjects, even at the risk of this knowledge being superficial rather than profound. A slight knowledge of the chemistry of foods will enable her to select those best suited to the individual needs of family, a slight knowledge of

its most essential laws, while a knowledge of the elemental principles of art will keep her safe from many glaring artistic blunders in her household and personal adornment. But among all others, one of the

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

On Tuesday the routine work should be made as light as possible. The mistress herself clearing away breakfast and washing the dishes and the same with luncheon, thus leaving her free to give her undivided attention to the washing. Dinner should be of such dishes as do not require much time in preparation. After dinner the clothes can be crinkled and folded, ready for the next day.

On Wednesday almost the same should be observed and such pieces of clothing as require further mending should receive due attention. During these two days little sweeping should be required—a thorough dusting will serve.

On Thursday morning keep to the usual routine work with any necessary "extras" which may be required.

... ..

Each one should be expected to take entire care of his own bedroom with the exception of the weekly sweeping and dusting.

It will be found of the greatest assistance if the mistress will make out a week's menu covering the three meals for each day. This would necessarily have to be modified slightly from day to day, but will be suggestive and will prevent that feeling of utter dismay and blankness which seizes the housekeeper who leaves her day's menu to plan until the butcher or grocer comes for orders, or until she finds herself in the market. It will also be found more economical for with the impulse of the moment one will order things for which on second thought she would prefer to substitute for something else, or which should be omitted altogether.

A Pen for the Baby.

Mothers have tried many plans for the baby, but we think we have hit

upon a better one, and one easily carried out. With two and a half dozen laths and four strips two by four inch square, my husband can make a pen which has been pronounced a success by the who have seen it. It is so simple made that a very few minutes description will be sufficient. The two-foot strips form the sides and posts. To these were nailed slats for each side, about three inches apart. The remaining strips were cut in two, and two pieces nailed to each side of each corner and one piece to the middle of each side to strengthen it. The last strip will be either planed or wrapped with cloth to keep splinters out of baby's hair. This pen is a

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All Around the House.

After the carpet has been washed, lay on the grass and cover with a cloth dipped in ammonia.

To clean feathers empty them from the ticks into a large sack of the material, through openings in each that should be pinned together to prevent the feathers flying about. Put the sack of feathers into a tub of strong suds and squeeze and wash thoroughly or use a powder. Rinse in two waters and place over clothes-bars out in the sun to dry.

To wash woolen blankets first shake and brush them well, then lay in two tubs of real warm hot water, in one of which make very strong suds with soap that has been melted or dissolved for the purpose. Do not rub soap on the blanket. Wash quickly but thoroughly through the blanket.

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BOOK-KEEPING

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OLD MEN AND WOMEN

... ..

BOYS AND GIRLS.

Children's Spring Song

The silder by the river
Shakes out her powdery curls,
The willow catkins nodding
In the soft breeze of gold.
The yellow flowers of the
Field are waving and singing!
The birds are singing
In the spring.
The gay green grass comes creeping
So soft beneath the feet,
The frogs begin to ripple
In a music clear and sweet,
And buttercups are coming,
And scarlet columbines,
And many meadows
Are all one shining
And just as many daisies
As their soft hands can hold
They are all gathering
In white and gold.
If you are a red clover,
Or a blue bell,
Or a white daisy,
God made them all for you.

The Singing School.

Down by the brook, where the water runs, in a deep
Tangle of pool, the little fishes went to sing.
Said the little fishes, "Birds sing in the
Chestnut grove, the brook sings, we
Sing in the pool, please."
Then the fishes got ready, shook their
Bodies, and among them soon even
Said the little fishes, "Birds sing in the
Chestnut grove, the brook sings, we
Sing in the pool."
M. S. V. and A. C.

Don't's for Girls

Don't neglect to make home as pleasant and attractive for your brothers. Don't neglect to have any royal road to popularity. Don't allow your enemies to poison you. Don't try to attract attention. Loud dressing is as bad as loud talking. It is better to be left out. The secret of all charm lies in being true and sincere. Don't consider the time wasted that you spend with your mother and sister in the sewing room. Learning to be a housewife. Don't frown when your mother asks you to do some thing. She knows you are ready to run all over town at the bidding of a friend. Don't forget that your voice is an important factor in your success. Don't be afraid to use it. It is a powerful weapon. Don't try to be popular, you will never succeed that way. Forget your self. Be sincere, genuine, courteous, tactful, cheerful and helpful and you will enjoy all the popularity you desire. Don't be untidy at home or among your friends. A messy room and untidy person are not easily liked. The room should be as tidy as your person. Show good character. Do not be wasteful. Be at the service of your friends. It is your duty to be a helper. It is your duty to be a helper. It is your duty to be a helper. Share your good times with your family. Do not get so busy that you forget to take care of your family. For not the least of your pleasures in later years will be, that you are strong and well.

Dear _____,

I am writing you to tell you that there are a great many ways to do this without resorting to _____.

Don't imagine that an "Old Maid" is necessarily more unhappy than a woman with a husband. It is often the reverse.

Don't imagine yourself in love with a man with whom you merely sympathize. Sympathy is a splendid thing in its place, but it is hard a foundation for marriage.

Don't marry a man to reform him. If there is ever a time in his life when he will or can reform, it will be before his marriage. It is foolish to hope or expect to change him afterward.

Don't remain unmarried if the man you love is good, brave and undaunted. If he is a coward, he will lose his wife.

Experiments for the Farmer's Boy.

Take a stick of phosphorus and put it into a large dry phial, not corked. It will burn brightly at first, but soon go out, leaving a white powder. This powder is called phosphoric acid, and is used in making matches.

The wood of the gum tree is very hard, and does not decay as fast as other woods. But if the gum absorbs the moisture and seems damp, it is an indication of rain.

Heart and Home Talks.

[illegible]

A Very Deceiving Animal.

Robbie who was a very timid
agitated came running out of
house one day crying
"A lion is out in the
a great big black lion in the
yard."

"No, Bobbie," said his mother
there isn't any lion out in the yard.
That is only a dog" but the little
fellow continued to insist that it was
a lion and not a dog.

His mother told her who was some
what worried over the boy's habit of
exaggeration, said "Now, Robbie,
that is not a lion and you must
say you must go and get a lion and
ask God to forgive you for telling a
lie."

After a while came down a lion
he had a red God on his back. For
a long time there was a lion in the yard
where now P. H. is now a good dog.

"Yes, and God said that when he
first saw it he thought it was a lion
too."



All flour is made from wheat. But there are different kinds of wheat and several ways of milling. When you select

Royal Household Flour

you get the nutritious properties of the best hard wheat in its finest and purest form. It always produces uniformly light, wholesome bread or pastry because its quality never varies. If your grocer does not carry Royal Household Flour, he will get it for you.

"Ogilvie's Book for a Cook," contains 130 pages of excellent recipes, some never published before. Your grocer can tell you how to get it FREE.

Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd.
MONTREAL.



Disease Germs In Wall Coverings

with the result that the doctor had to be careful in advising the mother to deliver at a place that might have been avoided had the old and it may be a serious or leaving her teeth removed or never to never open her mouth and the walls decorated with

Church's Alabastine

The Permanent and Sanitary Wall Coating

ALABASTINE does not rub or scale off like kaoline. Does not impregnate the air of a room with a disagreeable odor as a water based or heavy oil or flour paste is apt to do. It is a safe and sure floor finish to have on.

The shiny wax of your floor can be made bright and new at small expense with ALABASTINE. No floor heater or electric can be proper. Anyone can do it with a brush and water and a bucket. A brush will rub the surface of ALABASTINE.

A simple request by word or letter will bring just the information you want and ought to have. Address -

THE ALABASTINE COMPANY LIMITED • PARS ONT

When Writing Advertisers Kindly Mention The Western Home Monthly

The Cost of a Furnace

really begins after you buy it and pay for it. It comes in the amount of fuel you feed to it and in repairs. The best furnace is actually the cheapest.



Sectional View of Buck's Leader Furnace

Buck's "Leader" Furnace is built to give cheap heat, lots of it, and to last a lifetime.

Its firepot is in sections—it will never wear out.

Its proportions of firepot and radiating surface are exact, every heat unit in the fuel being extracted and used.

Its radiator is of solid steel and every joint in it is absolutely air and gas-tight.

It can burn wood as successfully as coal, the feed-door being very large.

It requires no expert to run it and will stand rough usage.

Its massive construction and scientific principles make it the most durable, powerful and economical heater ever built.

An absolute guarantee goes with every

Buck's "Leader" Furnace

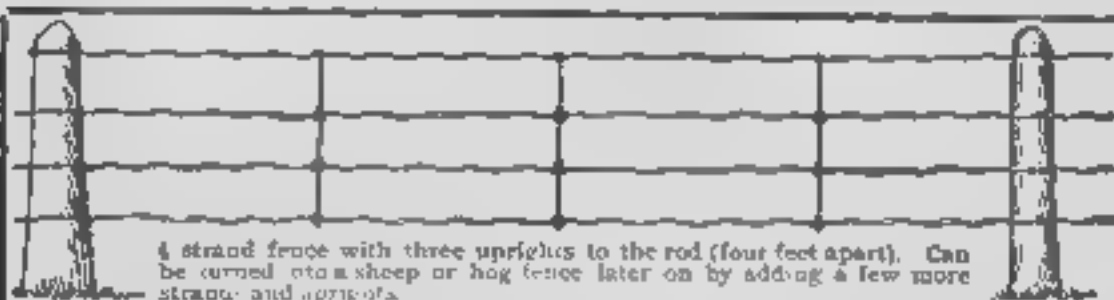
Ask us for our Heater Catalogue. It is full of information on house heating.

The WM. BUCK STOVE CO., Limited
Brantford Montreal Winnipeg

Western Branch

246 McDermot Avenue, Winnipeg,
MANITOBA

W. G. McMAHON, Manager



4 strand fence with three uprights to the rod (four feet apart). Can be turned into a sheep or hog fence later on by adding a few more strands and uprights.

MANITOBA ANCHOR FENCE CO. Ltd.,

Manufacturers of Farm and Lawn Fencing and Gates, Coiled Spring Wire, Staples, Wrought Iron Fences and Gates, Etc.

90 Princess St.

P. O. Box 507

WINNIPEG

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Woman and the Home.

The Ladies' Aid.

We've put a fine addition on the good old church at home. It's just the latest kit with gallery and dome.

And we've got a new organ—very fine. We had a thousand—no, a deacon did his best.

His Aid Society promised it the first.

We've got an organ in the church—very fine.

And we sit on cushioned pews.

It cost a cool four thousand.

We'll pay a thousand on it—The Ladies' Aid the rest.

They'll give a hundred societies, cantatas, too, and teas.

They'll make a thousand angel cakes, and tons of cream they'll freeze.

They'll beg and scrape and toil and sweat for seven years or so.

And then they'll start all over again, for a carpet for the floor.

No, it isn't just like dragging out the old.

It's a new and improved way.

But when I see the sisters work to raise the cash that lacks.

I somehow feel the church is built on women's tired backs.

And sometimes I can't help thinking when we reach the end of the year.

How proud of what we've done.

But when I see the sisters work to raise the cash that lacks.

I somehow feel the church is built on women's tired backs.

And sometimes I can't help thinking when we reach the end of the year.

How proud of what we've done.

Honor Among Women.

This startling assertion met me on a printed page recently, written by a well-known writer—"Women have a sense of honor." And my first feeling was that of indignation, as I hope was that of every other woman who read it. But a little reflection brought me to a different conclusion. I have been right concerning a definition of honor among men.

A sense of obligation to the community, to the law, to the public or pleasure or advantage, a perception of the fact that no man is himself the center of the universe, but at all times to do wholly as he will, a feeling of loyalty towards others, regardless of the consequences, these are the elements of honor among men.

And this, he declares, women do not. Not simply a class of women, but the mass of women. I have not at all meant to prove this in any way, but goes on to say that among men "honor is taken for granted, and they are not ashamed to acknowledge themselves an enemy." In the world of women nothing is taken for granted but emulation, and every woman is instinctively distrustful by every other woman.

When she tries to prove herself, she is seldom exempt from criticism. There is among all women an underlying trust, so that when strange men meet they drink together without fear. Their code enjoins upon them a thing called honor, a sense of obligation of peace, which engenders the most fastidious is distinctly aware, and of which the typical woman has no comprehension. There is no man who does not know what good fellowship means and does not taste it every day of his life. It was out of his experience that the term "solidarity" was invented. But the cement which holds men together is ineffective among women. They do not cohere nor structuralize, but re-

main an agglomeration of separate entities—usually repellant particles.

While we must admit that much of this is true concerning many women, we most nearly resent it as applied to intelligent, though few, women.

There are women, too many of them, who live entirely within the small round of their own personal experiences and emotions.

But they are intelligent and the world has plainly profited. Life has been passed only with such as

But the best of us must live and earn, and we may even learn from the best of men to be more

men, are prone to be over-critical, to remark wickedly, but let us hope, thoughtlessly, upon their ways—their housekeeping, their expenses, their dress, their manners. We have been said to "pick one another to pieces" and gloat over the weak spots in the process.

As the children say "Let's don't." Let us place the guard of honor upon our lips and in our hearts to keep back the unkind words and unworthy thoughts.

Wise and Otherwise.

You cannot give life to men without giving life for them.

It's a poor kind of faith that has to have faith.

A woman can guess right on strict oftener than a man can.

Brazil's crop of coffee this year equals fifteen-sixteenths of the world's consumption.

Let the poet laden his wagon to a star, the really wise man anchors his ship to the earth.

In Spain street performers on the guitar are licensed, while in Russia they are rigorously suppressed.

It takes love and love and love again to make a happy home. When love is in the home it doesn't matter whether you are rich or poor or if you are a prince or a pauper. Love is love.

Is It Worth While, After All?

It is the words of one American woman, as in bitter remorse they reveal their responsibility for the existing process of the world's system.

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HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

SUPERVISED BY THE CHEF OF THE MARRIAGE, WINNIPEG

Jelly Roll.—One egg, one-third cupful sugar, two or three large spoonfuls milk, three-quarters teaspoonful baking powder, pinch salt, one-half cupful (good measure) flour. Put on jelly and roll while warm. Tin used 9 by 5 inches.

Raised Rolls.—One quart of bread dough when it is moulded for the last raising, mould in a cupful of maple sugar, one-quarter teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of butter. Let it rise and mould again and cut out rise and bake. These are very good.

Cream Cake.—One cupful of maple sugar, one egg, one-half teaspoonful salt, one cupful sour cream, one and one-quarter cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful soda. Add the soda to the cream when it is added. The egg will be added last. Bake in a tin.

Corn Sauce.—Place the contents of a can of corn in a saucepan with a third of a cupful of butter and allow it to simmer for five minutes. Then add a cupful of milk, a pinch of salt, white pepper and a dash of onion. Mix well and serve.

Ham Salad.—Chop some ham very fine and slice twice as much cold potatoes very thin. Arrange the ham and potatoes in a salad dish in layers and sprinkle each double layer with chopped celery. Dress with French dressing over all. Cut in small squares, ham, eggs, cut in slices or in fancy shapes.

Veal Soup. Take a well-broken piece of veal weighing about three pounds and cover with four quarts of water. Boil gently for six hours, then add a quarter pound of onion, previously cooked tender, or a cupful of boiled rice, season to taste with salt and pepper, boil up once and serve.

Shad Roe Salad.—After the par-boiled roe are cooled cut into slices, sprinkle with salt and pepper and marinate with a little lemon juice. Keep in a cold place several hours. Line a salad bowl with lettuce leaves, mix a little watercress or parsley with the prepared roe and lay in the center of the bowl. Cover with mayonnaise or a rich dressing.

Salmon and Celery Salad.—Flake enough canned salmon to make six cups. Arrange lettuce leaves around with one cupful of celery cut in tiny crosswise slices. Make a mound of salmon in the center of the lettuce and pour on a dressing made from two tablespoonfuls of oil, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, a saltspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper.

Potatoes with Cheese.—Pare and cut small cubes enough potatoes to make a pint. Lay them in cold water and boil an hour, drain and cook in salted water until tender. Place a layer in a buttered baking dish, sprinkle thickly with grated cheese, pepper and salt, with bits of butter and a little celery salt. Fill the dish in this way pour over a cupful of milk, bake fifteen minutes and serve hot.

Red Kidney Beans.—Soak one pint of red kidney beans over night in cold water, rinse and cook with fresh cold water. Add a sprig of onion with one clove stuck in it and a rounding tablespoonful of butter. Cook slowly until tender, but not broken, and add water as it boils away. Season with salt and pepper. Take out the onion and turn the beans in a butter to make a bed on which to serve broiled chops, sausages or other meats.

Deviled Eggs.—Boil a score of quail eggs, cut them in half and peel them. Beat three beaten raw eggs, mix with oil and roll them in a thin layer of flour. Add a quantity of cayenne. Make a hole in the center by twisting up the corners of a sheet of oiled writing paper, place the eggs in it put on a gridiron over a clear fire, and

shake it about until the eggs are quite hot. Meanwhile prepare equal quantities of olive oil and chutney sauce around them, garnish with parsley and serve.

Pieplant Pudding.—Roll bread or cracker crumbs and wash and cut up pieplant. Put a layer of crumbs in bottom of pudding dish, bits of butter and a little sprinkle of cinnamon. Cover the crumbs with pieplant and allow a plentiful sprinkling of sugar. Fill the dish with alternating layers. Bake in a moderate oven and the crumbs will be browned. The juice will be very rich and delicious. Serve with cream and sugar.

Banana Dessert.—Slice half a dozen ripe bananas, and three tart oranges, arranging a layer of bananas and then a layer of oranges in a glass dish. Sprinkle the fruit with powdered sugar, and then spread over the top a thick layer of sweetened whipped cream which has been flavored with a few drops of strawberry extract. Have fruit and cream very cold and serve as soon after preparing as possible, passing with it fingers of sponge cake or macaroons.

Brown Bread.—One cupful Indian meal, one cupful rye meal, one cupful wheat meal, one cupful corn meal, one cupful molasses, one cupful sugar, one cupful butter, one cupful water. Add one-half cupful of soda. Mix thoroughly and pour into a greased tin. Bake in a moderate oven for one hour. The bread is very good and makes a fine batter for cakes. Add warm water to make a thin batter and bake one hour in a tin. Be sure to bake in small tins the little round ones look appetizing and taste like the brown bread of brick oven fame.

Cocoanut Pie.—Heat four cupfuls of milk and add two cupfuls of grated fresh cocoanut and let heat for ten minutes. Cool and add four eggs well beaten with half a cupful of sugar. Roll one cracker very fine and pour into two paste-lined plates. Put a rounding teaspoonful of butter cut into bits on each and bake. Cover with a meringue made from the whites of two eggs beaten stiff with one-half cupful of powdered sugar and brown in the oven. Cool the pie before putting on the meringue.

Daffodil Pudding.—One cupful of butter, one-half cupful of molasses, one-half cupful of granulated sugar, a cupful of milk, three level cupfuls of flour in which is thoroughly mixed three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half cupful of finely chopped citron and the same of small seedless raisins and a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Whip the mixture until as light as possible, pour into individual pudding dishes and steam for one-half hour. Serve with a rich lemon sauce.

Wheat Flour Pudding.—Mix together one cupful of pastry flour and one cupful of sugar, add one cupful of milk and sift them twice. Now cream together one-half cupful of sugar and one-half cupful of butter and when they are well mixed add one egg. Then mix the flour and sugar with a saltspoonful of salt. Pour the batter by adding the flour and baking powder and turn into a rather deep dish. Bake in a moderate oven for five minutes and serve hot with sauce.

Raisin Roll Cake.—Beat one cupful of sugar with the yolks of three eggs. Sift one cupful of flour with three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and add one cupful of sugar and egg, then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the three eggs. Add a teaspoonful of lemon flavoring and at least three tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Beat well and pour into a long shallow pan. Bake in a moderate oven. Turn on to a cake rack and spread at once with a mixture made from the whites of two eggs beaten with one cupful of powdered sugar and one cupful of chopped raisins.

ASK FOR IT

When ordering Tea insist on

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

Black, Mixed

Natural Green

NONE OTHER SO GOOD.

Lead Packets only. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, and 60c. per lb. At all Grocers.

Highest Award St. Louis, 1904

WE ASK YOU TO TRY

BAKING POWDER.



Your Cakes will be the best you have ever had.

Ask Your Grocer for BLACKWOOD'S

The BLACKWOODS', Limited, WINNIPEG.



UPTON'S

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MARMALADE

Jams & Jellies are delicious

This Season's Marmalade is particularly fine and can be had at your grocer's.

Insist on having UPTON'S.

THE BEST STARCH

is none too good for the careful, tidy housekeeper

THE BEST STARCHES

ARE **Edwardsburg "Silver Gloss"** AND **Benson's "Prepared Corn"**

Remember this when buying

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THE FARMERS' TRADING CO., Limited

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, MAN.

Farm Implements, Threshing Machinery,
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A Special Department Write for Prices and a description of Goods

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Buggies from \$60 to \$140. Wagons from \$75 to \$85.
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Sole Agents for the celebrated McCORMICK PULVERIZER AND PACKER HORSE
POWERS. \$15.00 to \$120.00 according to size.

Gasoline Engines, Feed Cutters, Grinders and Circular Saws.

Now is the time for Grain Growers Associations to make contracts for reliable
trading with us. We can supply your needs.

As we are a **soil packer** this spring let us have a chance to talk to you. We
have the old reliable **McCormick** and the price is right. Send us \$3.50 and we will ship
a **harrow cart**. You need not walk after the harrow any more. **Light Steel
Harrows, \$3.50 per section**.

If you want a **buggy** this season let us quote you. **Good goods at reasonable
prices. Send a post card for our list.**

J. H. METCALFE, Managing Director.

Oats! Oats! Oats!

We have good facilities for disposing of Oats
at the present time—any quantity. We furnish
Government grade and weight certificates. If
you have Oats to sell write for "market
prospects" and shipping instructions.

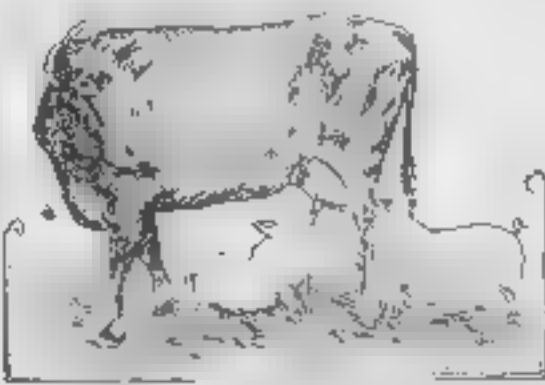
Thompson, Sons & Company

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

WINNIPEG

P. O. BOX 11

EVERYBODY IS PLEASED



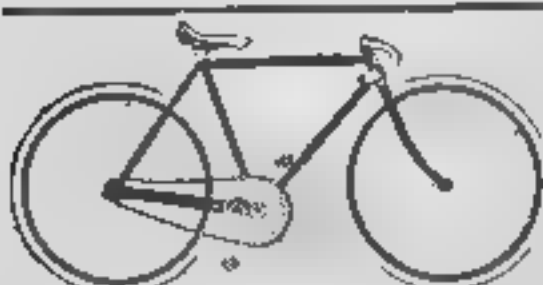
Including the hogs and cows, so
many of our customers have been
using CARNEFAC STOCK FOOD.

Spring work is coming on, and is
not about to stop. You want to know
what interest in your horses and
cows that they are in good condition
when the rush starts? CARNEFAC
so far has proved one of the best
condiments judged by the car-
men and huts of owners from the
leading horsemen in Canada. While
it is a well-known fact that CARNE-
FAC fed calves outgrow and
weigh at competitors.

If your dealer has not got it
write to us, please.

A STRAIGHT HOLD-UP

The Carnefac Stock Food Co.,
WINNIPEG, MAN.



\$30.00
EAGLE
BICYCLE

Cut this ad out and send it to us with
State whether you wish Men's or
Ladies Bicycles, height of frame and
gear wanted, and we will send you
this High Grade 1906 Model
Eagle Bicycle by express, C.O.D.
subject to examination. You can
examine it thoroughly at your
favorite dealer and if round perfectly satisfy
exactly as represented. A GENUINE EAGLE
BICYCLE HIGH GRADE, 1906 MODEL.
pay to the Express Agent the balance due.

\$29.00—and Express Charges. The Express charges are only 50 to 75 cents for each 500 miles. No extra
charge for Ladies' Bicycles. EVERYONE KNOWS THE EAGLE BICYCLE. They are
Highest Grade bicycles made by famous high grade Bicycle Clubs, the leading wheel with professional
riders. Built on hoppers, Bush joints, finest hangers, hubs and bearings, highest grade equipment. Fitted with
Dunlop Double Tube Tires. Heights of frame—Men's 20, 22 and 24 in.—Ladies' 20 and 22 in.
enamel Black. WE OFFER splendid chance to a good agent in each town. Send for catalogue and ask
for Agents' Circulars. Wheels slightly used \$40.00 to \$25.00. Secure Agency as office.

T. W. BOYD & SON, 27 Notre Dame St. West, MONTREAL.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

ABOUT THE FARM.

Sunday on the Farm.

How nice it is when Sunday comes
to stroll around the farm
To watch the chickens feeding in
The yard behind the barn.
To hear the hens a-cuckling o'er
The eggs that they may lay,
And see the piggies jumping round
In such an awkward way
To pump the water for the cows
And watch them drink it down,
And wonder which will drink the most.
The black one or the brown
Or stroll across the meadow
Where the new-mown hay and clover
Smell so awful good and sweet
To feast upon the strawberries,
Strong and ripe and red
To hear the birds a-singing
In the trees and fields
To see the bees a-buzzing
Over the flowers and the earth
To find in nature's treasures
Of life upon the farm

The Skim-Milk Calf

Quite a large number of our
readers are supplying milk to the
creameries, or furnishing them cream,
or otherwise disposing of it. Many
of them have fallen into the habit,
which we think is a good one of
having their calves come in the fa-
ltering, as they usually do, some sort
of dual purpose cow, they wish to
make all that they possibly can out
of their calves.

It has long been known that it is
a skilled farmer who can grow a
calf by hand and have it quite as
lively at six months or a year old
as though it had the use of a the-
milk. We quote the recommendation
of an expert as to the best
method of growing the calf by hand.

Allow the calf to run with its
mother during its first four or five
days. Then remove it and feed for
a week or ten days on whole milk
at the end of that time give it

the skim-milk at the
half pint per feed. When it
about two weeks old begin to
add corn meal, whole corn
meal or oats. Feed the
calves never in the milk.

Alfalfa or mixed grass
caves thus treated made an average
gain of 158 pounds daily up to five
months of age. The cost of gain
at that time was at the rate of \$2.26
per hundredweight compared with
\$7.05 for whole milk calves and \$4.41
for calves with dams. When put in
the skim-milk calves
made more than either of the
other two lot.

In the Dairy

Don't cover milk in crocks tightly
until the animal heat has passed off.
Milk should be separated while it
is still warm to get the best results.
Wash out the churn with boiling
hot water before starting operations.
Don't use a bad-smelling or dis-
colored strainer cloth even if it does
look clean.

Well ripened cream is never bitter
or distasteful, but just mild and
pleasantly sour.

It is an exceedingly good plan to
whitewash the whole interior of the
cow barn occasionally. Besides
lightening things up, whitewash is a
good preservative.

Steady, slow, churning brings the
butter in the shortest time. Don't
let the small boy assistant go by fits
and jerks or there will be a much
longer time for him to turn the
handle.

The bowl in which butter is work-
ed, and the paddle as well, should be
thoroughly soaked with boiling water
before the butter is worked. There

will be no trouble with the butter
sticking.

Take just as good care of the skim
milk as you do of the whole milk.
Don't throw it into greasy dirty
buckets and let it stand around for
a day before it is fed to the calves or
pigs.

Let one of the Babcock test ap-
paratuses and see what kind of skim-
ming the separator is doing. You
can also determine whether or not
your cows are paying for their board
by weighing and testing the milk.

Straining, pouring the milk from
one vessel to another and general
aeration will generally rid milk of a
considerable amount of the odors
that come from the cows eating such
things as turnips, rape, and wild
onions.

If milk is kept in the cellar be sure
that all roots, such as potatoes, have
been removed. Things should be
thoroughly scrubbed. No odor should
remain. If this is not done a batch of
mouldy cream will be the result.

Skim milk is an excellent feed for
the calves, the pigs, the chickens and
the young colts. Remember that it
is merely whole milk minus fat and
it can be substituted in the form of
corn meal, oil meal, or other such
feed.

All bacteria that get into the milk
come from the surroundings of the
cow stable, and the place where the
milk is kept. Milk as it comes from
the cow is practically free from all
germs. Absolute cleanliness is the
whole secret of good milk.

If your butter has a bitter or other
disagreeable taste look well to the
surroundings. Then take soap and
water and give everything a good
scrubbing. There ought to be plenty
of sunlight and fresh air in places
where milk is kept.

In washing milk utensils, first rinse
them off with cool water. Then use
hot water and plenty of scrubbing
material. A little soda and borax
added will greatly aid in removing
the grease and coating which is
likely to remain. The vessels should
finally be rinsed in boiling hot water.
Last of all the vessels should be
placed in the sun and exposed for
several hours.

Don't expect to pick up
anything on grass alone until the
pasture becomes fit. Cows turned
out too soon rapidly shrink in flesh
and do not do well. As a result they
have to draw on their own bodies
to keep up the usual flow of milk.
Keep plenty of hay and some grain
for the mangers until the cows refuse
it, which will mean that they are
getting enough feed outside.

Where are They?

Where do you keep your brood
sows? If they are running with the
fattening hogs they are not where
they ought to be. When a brood
sow is allowed to accumulate fat she
is injured for the purpose intended.
She will not raise as many pigs nor
as good ones, and what is still worse
she will not nurse them so as to give
them a good thrifty start. An excess
of fattening food is just as injurious
to the brood sow as the dairy cow.
Her mission in life is not very dif-
ferent. It is reproducing herself and
giving milk for her offspring. Her
feed should be a growing feed and
not a fattening one. Good pasture
in season comes first in the list
and corn should come last and least.
I say pasture first because it costs
less than any other feed and is ar-
ranging the best. With good clover pas-
ture the brood sow will keep strong
and vigorous with very little grain
feed when she is not nursing her
litter. I prefer her grain ground and
made into slop. Usually wheat mid-
dings that are a ready ground can
be bought for what other grain will
bring in the market and it is one of
the best of feeds for the brood sow
or growing pigs.

called for. When the soloist came to the lines requiring an echo, he delivered them in his best manner: "At whose bright presence darkness flies away." Imagine his horror when the echo repeated his words in the broadest Scotch:

"Flees awa'; flees awa'!"

Yet Sims Reeves avers that not a person in the audience smiled or appeared to see anything incongruous. When he talked the matter over with a bailie after the concert, the good man assured him:

"That's nothing at all. You were a little wrong in your pronunciation, and the echo was correct. You see, it was a Scottish echo."

Caste.

It requires a vast deal of courage and charity to be philanthropic," remarked Sir Thomas Lipton, apropos of Andrew Carnegie's benefactions.

"I remember when I was just starting in business, I was very poor and making every sacrifice to enlarge my little shop. My only assistant was a boy of fourteen, faithful and willing and honest. One day I heard him complaining, and with justice, that his clothes were so shabby that he was ashamed to go to chapel.

"There's no chance of my getting a new suit this year," he told me: 'Dad's out of work, and it takes all my wages to pay the rent.'

"I thought the matter over, and then took a sovereign from my carefully hoarded savings and bought the boy a stout, warm suit of blue cloth. He was so grateful that I felt repaid for my sacrifice. But the next day he didn't come to work. I met his mother on the street and asked her the reason. 'Why, Mr. Lipton,' she said, curtly, 'Jimmie looks so respectable, thanks to you sir, that I thought I would send him around town today to see if he couldn't get a better job.'

Born Blind.

A great criminal lawyer in New York, Mr. B—, has a rich and lovely client, who is famous for her extremely haughty manner.

This noted beauty had run down a poor old woman in her auto and was arrested.

"O, Mr. B—, do you think you will be able to get me out of this?" she asked piteously.

"Yes, indeed," said he, with a twinkle in his eye. "I'll prove conclusively to the jury that from the hour of your birth you've never been able to see any one worth less than \$100,000."—Harper's Weekly.

Not True.

"I used to think Brown was the best friend I had, but I have discovered that he is a base deceiver."

"How so?"

"He offered our cook an increase in wages to come to work for him."

A Transmigrator.

Black Sarah was busily employed about our small Northern kitchen when I had occasion to go out there, and, by way of being pleasant, said, "You are from the South, are you not, Sarah?"

"Law, yes, Miss!" was the answer.

"Born in the South?" I continued.

"Originally bawn in Richmond, Miss," was the astonishing reply.

A Long-Distance Lecture.

A pretentious person recently said to Colonel Green of Woodbury, N. J., "How would a lecture by me on Mount Vesuvius suit the inhabitants of your town?" "Very well, sir; very well indeed," answered the Colonel. "A lecture by you on Mount Vesuvius would suit them a great deal better than a lecture by you in this town." The lecture never came off.

EXAMINE YOUR BARN



Just as critically as your neighbours do. Does'nt look very fresh or thrifty, does it? Then why not a good, inexpensive paint? We don't know any better than

Stephens' PURE PAINT

MADE WITH MANITOBA LINSEED OIL.

We make special brands in seven popular colors for Barns, Elevators, Roofs, and all exposed surfaces, wood or metal.

There's a generation of experience back of our paints. That's why they will not Flake, Peel, Blister or Fade.

If shrewd railroad concerns and milling companies use our paints exclusively, then why not you?

Our guarantee absolutely protects you. Write for Booklet, tells how to cut the paint bills in half.

G. F. STEPHENS & CO., Ltd., Winnipeg, Canada.

You May Have This Belt Free

UNTIL YOU ARE CURED.

I believe in a fair deal. If you have a good thing and know it yourself, give others a chance to enjoy it in a way they can afford.

I've got a good thing. I'm proving that every day. I want every weak, puny man, every man with a pain or an ache, to get the benefit of my invention.

Some men have doctored a good deal—some have used other ways of applying electricity—without getting cured, and they are chary about paying money now until they know what they are paying for.

If you are that kind of a man, this Belt is yours without one cent of cost to you until you are ready to say to me, "Doctor, you have earned your price, and here it is."

That's trusting you a good deal, and it is showing a good deal of confidence in my Belt. But I know that most men are honest, especially when they have been cured of a serious ailment, and very few will impose on me.

As to what my Belt will do, I know that it will cure wherever there is a possible chance, and there is a good chance in nine cases out of ten.

So you can afford to let me try, anyway, and I'll take the chances. If you are not sick, don't trifle with me; but if you are, you owe it to yourself and to me, when I make an offer like this, to give me a fair trial. I want you to know what I have done for others.

"I received a permanent cure of my ailments through the use of your Belt, such as nervousness, heart and kidney troubles, indigestion, sick-headache, etc." James Ed. Jones, Tuelon, Man.

"Your Belt gave me a complete and permanent cure of rheumatism. I would advise any one suffering from this disease to try your Belt." Robt. Rimmer, Arcola, Sask.

"Have given your Belt a fair trial and will say that proved a success in every way in my case. It does more than you claim for it." Wm. Dalgleish, Wapella, Sask.

I CAN MAKE THE BLOOD CIRCULATE IN YOUR VEINS, the nerves tingle with vigorous life, and the spirit of energy show itself in every move of your body. I have told you that Electricity is "Life," and now all scientists and doctors are approving my claim. Let me prove it to you; let me show you how my method of applying this great power has revolutionized medical treatment.

I want to help those who are weak in vitality, who are nervous, despondent and lacking in self-confidence; who feel as if old age was coming on too soon because of the dulling of their youthful fire and ambition. I want to help those who have varicocoele, pain in the back, rheumatism, weak stomach and general indications of breaking down.

There's nothing surer than the word of honest men, and when such men as these admit that I cured them, you know that I can cure you.

If you would believe the thousands of men whom I have already treated, my Belt is worth its weight in gold.

But some men don't believe anything until they see it. That's why I make this offer. I want to let you see it, and feel it, and know it by your own experience before I get a cent.

If I don't cure you my Belt comes back to me and we quit friends. You are out the time you spent on it—wearing it while you sleep—nothing more.

But I expect to cure you if I take your case. If I think I can't cure you, I'll tell you so, and not waste your time. Anyway, try me at my expense.

CALL TO-DAY. Come and see me and let me show you what I have; or, if you can't, then cut out this coupon and send it in. It will bring you a description of my Belt and a book that will inspire you to be a man among men. All free. My hours, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Wednesday and Saturday to 9 p.m.

Put your name on this coupon and send it in.

DR. E. M. McLAUGHLIN,
112 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

Send me your Free Book, closely sealed, and oblige.

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ADDRESS

Farmers Binder Twine Co.

Portland, Canada.

If the Farmers Stand Loyal and intelligently Behind the Guns for Co-operation a Little Child can handle the Deal and Win Hands Down.



Eight Thousand small Shareholders united in true Co-operation. Talk of it. Dream of it. Few can realize it. Farmers are you going to intelligently stand by the Company that gave you your freedom from

Monopoly, Combine, Trust,

or do you desire your children to be slaves, worse than the serfs of Russia, through your indifference and scepticism. If we have no farmer binder twine agent in your locality arrange for one immediately. The nation is in danger through trusts and combines, that unless headed off will crush the agricultural vitality out of this country.

Joseph Stratford,

General Manager.

Men Wanted.

Reliable men in every locality throughout Canada to advertise our goods, tack up show cards on trees, fences, along roads and all conspicuous places; also distributing small advertising matter; salary \$900 per year, or \$75 per month and expenses, \$3 per day. Steady employment to good, reliable men. No experience necessary. Write for particulars.

EMPIRE MEDICINE CO., LONDON, ONT.

ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY

VARIOUS SUBJECTS CLEVERLY TREATED

In My Dreams.

In my dreams I often hear them, hear the far off voices calling
From the hillside, from the red road,
from the rolling waste of plain
Have you left us altogether? (some one told us in the township)
Is it really true, old fellow, you will not come back again?

In my dreams I often see them, see the shadow people waiting
On the hillside, on the red road, on the rolling waste of plain;
And my lips would fain give answer something hopeful, if not certain,
But a mocking spirit whispers, "You shall not return again."

In my dreams I often see it, see the dear old shanty standing,
With the briar scented breezes playing round the open door;
Nothing great, nor grand, nor gaudy, but a quaint old wooden building,
Just a kind of way back tavern and a sort of way back store.

And I often hear the voices of the sturdy station children,
Kind of little shadow children in the middle of the road;
And I guess that they are waiting for the teamster and his wagon,
And the dear old loony bullocks with the precious border load.

Items of Interest.

The smallest quadruped in the world is the pigmy mouse of Siberia.

A cow's hide of average size produces about thirty-five pounds of leather.

Hong Kong, although without a railroad, is the greatest shipping port in the world. It has a mail line of ships to every known country except South America.

In China poultry is herded as our cowboys herd cattle on the plains, and rarely do the fowls get anything to eat, except what they pick up in the pastures.

Sycamore is an exceedingly durable wood, and a statue composed of it, now in an Eastern museum, is said to be quite sound, although nearly six thousand years old.

The Island of Capri possesses a unique Cave of the Blues, wherein the air is like a twilight of blue fire, and waves, and grotto walls, and boats and people—everything and everyone—look blue.

All the theatrical and amusement announcements of Paris are posted on



Artesian Well of J. B. Snider, Alberta. Depth 160 feet.

Shadow plains roll out before me with a mob of cattle charging,
And I hear the yelping brindle as he turns them on the rise.

And, anon, a shadow figure by the old slip panel waiting,
And I note the look of longing and the sorrow in her eyes.

Must the dreamer go on dreaming what the fickle goddess pictures?
Must he wake to find the vision all too seldom what it seems?

God, who fashioned all things perfect, grant that one day you may find me

Sleeping somewhere in the ranges with the shadows of my dreams.

Why the Caribou Is Such a Fine Swimmer.

Clad with a coat of oily wool next his skin, the Caribou is covered exteriorly with a dense pelage of fine quills.

Every caribou, indeed, wears a cork jacket, and when this is prime, the creature seems on the water rather than in the water. No other quadruped that I know swims as high as the caribou.

Their speed afloat is so great that it takes the best of canoe men to overtake a vigorous buck. A good paddler is supposed to cover about six miles an hour, so the caribou probably goes five. There are many kinds of woodland and rough country over which the caribou cannot travel so fast as this. What wonder, then, that they are so ready to take to the water as soon as they find it in their course? Mr. Munn assured me that several times he saw caribou swim a broad bay that was in their line, though a trifling deflection would have given them easy walking along the shore to the same point, and with but little increase of distance.

Grains of Gold.

Either prosperity or adversity will show what a man is made of.

There's a poise—a calm—a dignified serenity—in the bearing of a great man, that is delightful.

A pessimistic merchant said, "married men make better clerks than single men; they are not in a hurry to get home in the evening."

Hit the peg until you drive it home, or batter the head off.

'Tis the fruit, not the leaves, that makes the value. 'Tis the results, not the claims, that make the newspaper.

Correct errors before they happen.

The advertiser who has ideals, who perseveres in honesty, will reach success later or sooner.

A Wonderful Railroad in the Andes.

A brief digression may be permitted regarding past railway building in Peru because the subject bears on future construction. No engineering obstacles which are yet to be overcome in the Andes, anywhere from the tapering spurs in Central America to the rounded tops in Patagonia, equal those which were surmounted by Henry Meiggs when he built the famous railway from Calloa to Oroya, or rather when he constructed the most difficult sections, for he did not live to see the completion of the whole. The wonders of that line, incomparable in their scenic grandeur, with its infinity of switchbacks, tunnels, bridges, viaducts, sharp curves and grades, culminating in the Galera Tunnel, 15,665 feet above sea-level, shows the marvels of which engineering genius is capable when backed with unlimited funds.

Millions of Postal Cards Used Daily.

The small oblong piece of cardboard which presents the easiest way of communication through the mails, is insignificant enough of itself, but the fact is, the total quantity of Uncle Sam's postals used in one year is so enormous that their production, that is, the making, printing and cutting of them, forms one of the great industries of Rumford Falls, in Maine.

The government contract for the manufacture of postal cards for the next four years has been again awarded to a paper company in that place.

Under the previous contracts there were manufactured during the preceding four years 3,300,000,000 postal cards.

There pass through Boston daily in registered mail cars 2,500,000 postal cards on their way from Rumford Falls to the sub-agencies scattered over the country.

The cards may be said to be entirely a Maine product. The logs are taken directly from the Maine spruce forests and chemically trans-

Chew
PAY ROLL
Plug Tobacco

10c. PER CUT

formed into the pulp from which the postal paper is made at the mill.

From Rumford Falls, which is called the chief agency, shipments are made to the sub-agencies, which are Washington, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Troy, N.Y.

All smaller offices in the United States must make requisition to these sub-agencies for cards, unless they are in the list of cities whose business is so extensive in postal cards as to require carload shipments. These are Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Kansas City, Brooklyn, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, San Francisco, Boston and New York.

There is no busy season in the card mill. The same amount is printed day after day. The government requires that a certain amount must be kept on hand at the factory. These are kept in a fire and burglar proof vault which has a capacity for holding 100,000,000 cards.

Cities like New York and Boston use on an average more than two carloads of postals every month.

Kaiser a French Scholar.

Jules Simon, the French philosopher, bears witness to the mastery which William II. has over the French tongue. In 1890 M. Simon was at Berlin, and on several occasions had long conversations with the emperor, which caused him to remark, "Of the two of us the emperor speaks the purer French."

When the French academician expressed his admiration to William II. the latter explained that there was nothing surprising in this, as he had been taught for ten years by a French purist.

"Have you ever heard me use an incorrect expression?" the emperor asked.

"Only once," replied M. Simon.

"And when was that?" his majesty who seemed surprised, went on.

"When your majesty said, 'We have met in order to have a drinking bout' (godaiiller).

"But godaiiller is a good French word," the emperor argued. "You will find it in the 'Dictionnaire de l'Academie'."

"True, but it is used neither at the Academie nor in academical drawing rooms," the Frenchman replied.

"All right; I will take note of this. And was that my only mistake?"

"I swear it was," said M. Simon, and the two parted the best of friends.

A Railway Over the Highway of the Incas.

The highway of the Incas excited the wonder and admiration of the Spanish conquerors. The historical faculty of imagination, given expression in vivid words by Prescott and his imitators, has painted in brilliant hues the civilization of a dynasty who by this means kept their subjects as close to the central authority as the distant provinces of Rome were knitted by the imperial roads. If the natives four or five centuries ago could maintain through means of communication across these Andine regions, the mind leaps to the conclusion that in the modern age the steel highway should be no more difficult. We see in our mind's eye broad, smooth roadways and imagine steady caravans, perhaps rude carts, passing in unending procession over them; but the only burden beast possessed by the Incas was that cousin of the camel, the llama, which if less sure-footed than the goat, can accommodate itself to almost as narrow a space. The people travelled on foot, for 75 to 100 pounds is the limit of weight which the llama can carry. We may therefore contract the width of these highways in the difficult places to a few feet, perhaps a well-beaten trail or a bridle-path.

Tom—What do you understand to be meant by the word "ennui?"

Ethel—"It means that one does nothing and is too tired to stop."

MELCHERS RED CROSS

Canadian Gin

"Tickles the palate and agrees with the Stomach."

Superior to Imported Gin because it's old

Distilled exclusively with the finest grains.

The Only Gin...

which is fully matured for years in Bonded warehouses and bottled under government supervision.

The Only Gin...

having its age and quality guaranteed on every bottle by an official government stamp.

Melchers Red Cross

Is the finest type of pure, well matured Gin.

It has a delicate flavor, and an agreeable mellow taste.

Highly recommended by physicians because it's Old and Pure.

BOIVIN, WILSON & CO.
520 ST. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL, CANADA
DISTRIBUTING AGENTS.



A WOMAN'S BACK IS THE MAINSPRING OF HER PHYSICAL SYSTEM.

The Slightest Back-ache, if Neglected, is Liable to Cause Years of Terrible Suffering.

No woman can be strong and healthy unless the kidneys are well, and regular in their action. When the kidneys are ill, the whole body is ill, for the poisons which the kidneys ought to have filtered out of the blood are left in the system.

The female constitution is naturally more subject to kidney disease than a man's; and what is more, a woman's work is never done—her whole life is one continuous strain.

How many women have you heard say: "My, how my back aches!" Do you know that backache is one of the first signs of kidney trouble? It is, and should be attended to immediately. Other symptoms are frequent thirst, scanty, thick, cloudy or highly colored urine, burning sensation when urinating, frequent urination, puffing under the eyes, swelling of the feet and ankles, floating specks before the eyes, etc.

These symptoms if not taken in time and cured at once, will cause years of terrible kidney suffering. All these symptoms, and in fact, these diseases may be cured by the use of

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

They act directly on the kidneys, and make them strong and healthy.

Mrs. Mary Galley, Auburn, N.S., writes: "For over four months I was troubled with a lame back and was unable to turn in bed without help. I was induced by a friend to try Doan's Kidney Pills. After using two-thirds of a box my back was as well as ever."

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers, or sent direct on receipt of price. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.



Without a Flaw

If you could see our eagle-eyed inspectors on the watch, you would understand just why

Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas

come to your table in faultless condition. These experts are the hardest men to please in Canada. Everything must be right before they pass it. Things that you would think trivial, make them condemn a whole box of crackers.

When you see a box of Mooney's, you may be sure the exacting inspectors could find no fault with it. In 1 and 3 lb. cartons at your grocer's.

MOONEY BISCUIT & CANDY CO., LIMITED, STRATFORD, CANADA

MUSIC LESSONS FREE

at your home. For a limited time we will give free, for advertising purposes, 96 music lessons for beginners or advanced pupils on either Piano, Organ, Banjo, Guitar, Cornet, Violin or Mandolin (your expense will only be the cost of postage and the music you use, which is small). We teach by mail only and guarantee success. Established seven years. Hundreds write: "Wish I had heard of your school before." Write today for booklet, testimonials and free tuition blank. Address: U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 63D, 19 Union Sq., N. Y.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

A maiden who lived in Nantuckett,
Of her candy said, "Now darn the
luck, it

Down my throat slid
Like an oyster, it did,
As soon as I started to suck it."
—Houston Post.

"I see Robinson's married again—
married his first wife's sister." "Yes.
He said he didn't want to have to
break in another mother-in-law."

Stella—"How long will your gown
be?" Bella—"Well, I don't know
whether to have the train made ac-
commodation or express."

He—"Congress will never be com-
posed of women." She—"Why don't
you think so?" He—"Can you im-
agine a house full of women with only
one speaker?"

Aunt Hetty—"Cousin Millie writes
from the city that she joined the
Rainy Day Club." Uncle Reuben—
"What do they do—git somethin' to
wear on rainy days an' then pray for
rain?"

"Really," said the callow youth, "I
am no longer a mere youth. I have
got a little hair on my lip now."
"Yes," replied Miss Peppery, "and
perhaps in a few weeks you may have
another one."

In a downtown Sunday school a few
Sundays ago the teacher asked a class
of little girls: "Can any little girl here
tell me what the Epistles are?" "I
think I know," said one child. "Well,
Dorothy?" "The Epistles are the
Lady Apostles."

"Johnny, here is another note from
your teacher. He says I might as well
take you out of school. You are
quite hopeless." "It ain't so, mamma.
I hope to be big enough some day to
lam the everlastin' daylight out of
him!"

"Yes," said the condescending youth,
"I am taking fencing lessons."
Good!" answered Farmer Cornrossel.
"I allus said you was goin' to turn in
an' do somethin' useful. What's your
specialty goin' to be—rail, stone or
barbed wire?"

Mrs. Impecunious—"Here's a man
suing for divorce because his wife
goes through his pockets. What would
you do, John, dear, if you woke up
tonight and found me at your
pockets?" Mr. Impecunious—"Get up
and help you look."

The woman was unfolding to the
mayor a scheme for appointment of
members of her sex to the police
force. "Rats!" he said, his patience
sorely tried. "Where? Where?"
shrieked the woman, furling her skirts
and leaping upon a chair.

"Is Casey workin' here?" asked
Finnegan, entering the quarry shortly
after a blast. "He was, but he jist
went away," replied Flanagan, the
foreman. "Are ye expectin' him
back?" "Yes, I suppose so. Anyway,
they do say, whatever goes up must
come down."

"Help! Henry! Help!" cried the
loving mother. "Willie's poisoned."
"What has he eaten?" asked the
frightened father. "He didn't eat—he
drank a bottle of ink! Think of some
antidote! Quick, Henry!" "Oh, give
him a piece of blotting paper."

Colonel Maltby tells of a neighbor
of his at St. David's who went home
at a rather unusual hour of the day.
"Can you tell me of my wife's where-
abouts?" he asked of the family
servant. Bridget hesitated for a
moment and then replied, "Faith, to
tell ye the truth, I really believe they're
in the wash."

"Say, Pa!"
"Well, what is it?"
"Can a near-sighted man have a far-
away look in his eyes?"

The Fiancee—"When a man accuses
a woman of saying things that you
know very well I never even thought,
if he really was a man, and had any
respect for me, you'd beg my pardon."

While those who gamble with the
cards
May win by trick unfair;
The chess and checker players try
To do things on the square.

Brown—"Is that Smithers an honest
fellow?"
Black—"He may be. But you never
see him without an umbrella."

Quite the Opposite. Hicks—"Here's
a clever little book, 'Don'ts for Club-
men.'"
Wicks—"Hub! It isn't the 'don'ts'
that worry clubmen. It's the dues."

"Papa, what is it when a man mar-
ries two wives?"
"Bigamy."
"And if he marries three is it trig-
onometry?"

Hicks—"Does she take in board-
ers?"
Wicks—"S-Sh! Don't speak so
loud. But between you and me 'take
in' is just the phrase."

Hewitt—"A doctor is going to per-
form an operation on me tomorrow."
Jewett—"What for?"
Hewitt—"The usual rate—two hun-
dred dollars."

Appropriate.—When the verdict was
rendered the friends of the fair plaintiff
gathered about her and congratulated
her on having obtained a divorce.
"What shall you do with your al-
imony?" they asked.

"I think I shall build a house," she
replied, "if I can get the right loca-
tion."
"Why not build it on statutory
grounds?" they cried.

Mrs. Gramercy—"New York land-
lords are getting very strict. A friend
of mine couldn't even keep a parrot
in her apartment."
Mrs. Park—"Most of the landlords
I've met seem to object more to the
stork."

Identified.—"That young man who
has so much to say about things is
one of the partners in the concern,
ain't he?" said a visitor at a wholesale
establishment.

"No, he is one of the clerks."
"And who is that quiet looking
old man who seems to be so much
afraid of giving any trouble?"
"He owns the business."

De Style—"What makes you think
Subbubs is crazy?"
Gnobusta—"Why, he said he'd dig
the Panama Canal by sowing seed
along the proposed route and com-
pelling the nearby residents to keep
chickens."

"What's the matter old chap? You
look thin."
"I am. I've taken a bath every hour
of the day and night now for a week."
"What for?"
"I'm staying at a New York hotel
where they charge me twelve dollars
a day for a room with a bath, and
that's the only way I can get even."

Rimer—"Have you read any of those
versified advertisements I'm writing
for the 'Pissick's Pink Panacea'?"

Crittick—"Yes," and they make me
sick."

Rimer—"Good. That's the effect I
want them to have. It helps the sale
of the 'Panacea.'"



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